A CLASSIC IN Pictures

OLIVER TWIST

1/6

THE WORLD'S GREATEST STORIES ILLUSTRATED

No. 1

By CHARLES DICKENS

OLIVER TWIST

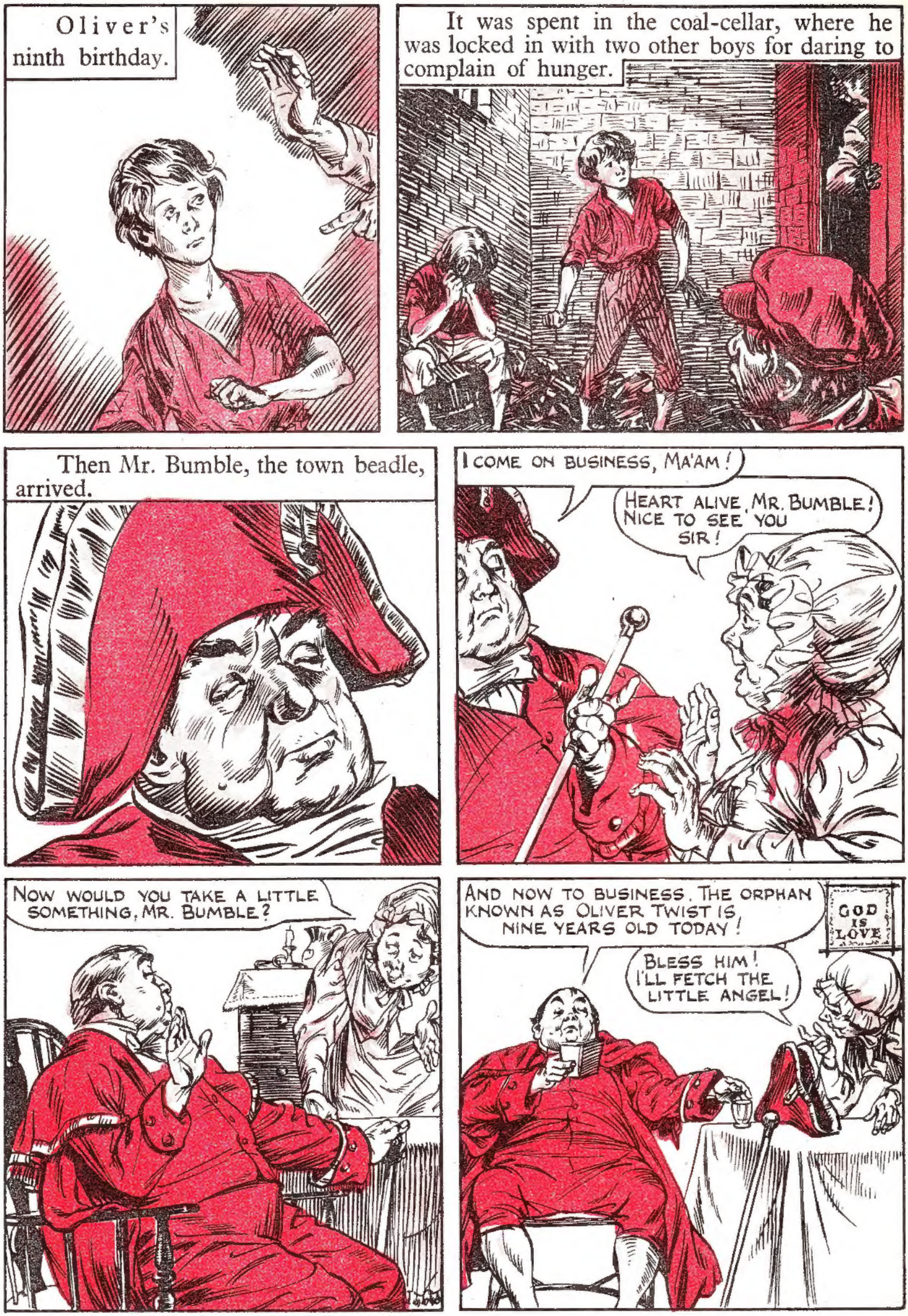
by CHARLES DICKENS

One wild, wintry night, a lone figure struggled to the gates of a town workhouse in dire distress.

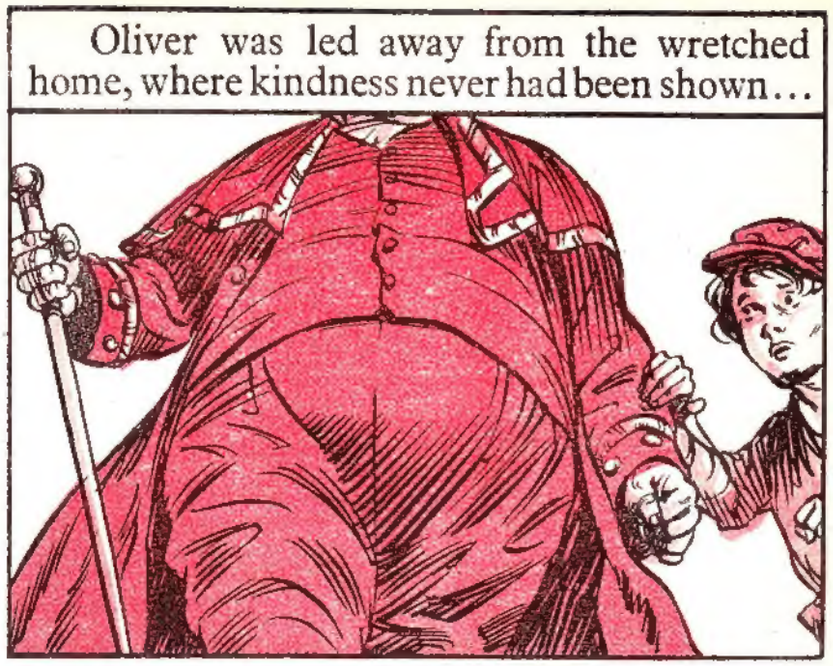
No one knew the unfortunate woman, or whence she came.

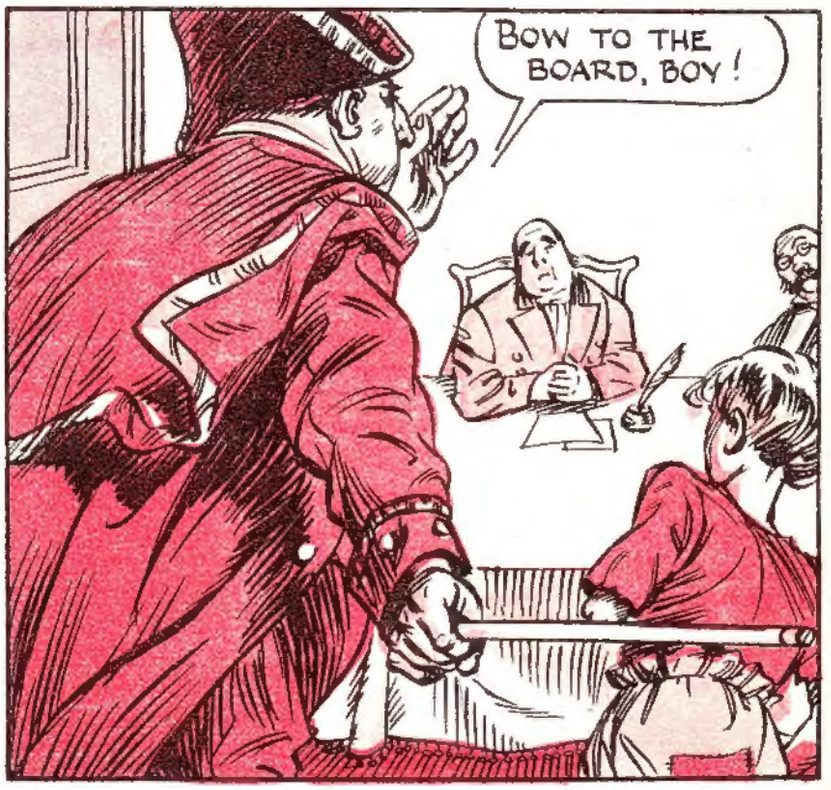
Her little son, later to be known as Oliver Twist, was born in the workhouse, a pauper child.

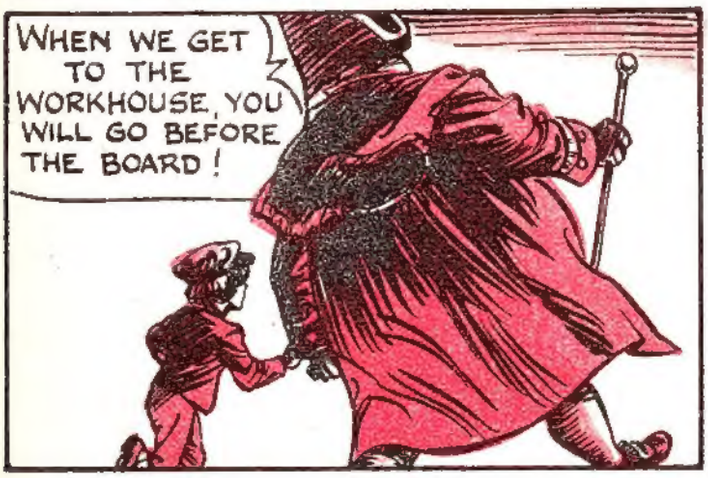
After his mother's death, Oliver was handed over to a none-too-tender nurse, Mrs. Mann, a workhouse crone.

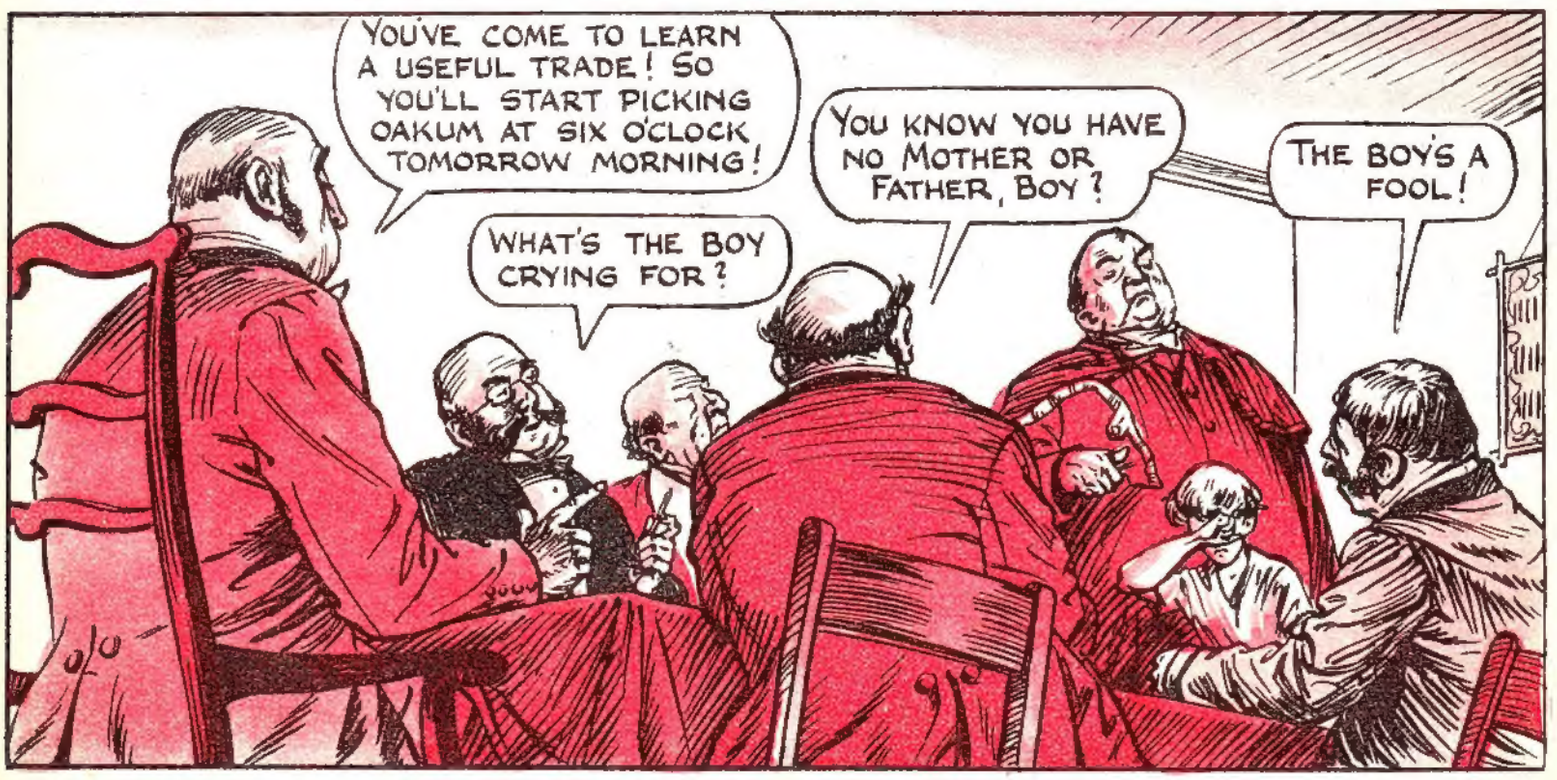

Oliver's ninth birthday.
It was spent in the coal-cellar, where he was locked in with two other boys for daring to complain of hunger.
Then Mr. Bumble, the town beadle, arrived.
I COME ON BUSINESS, MA'AM!
HEART ALIVE, MR. BUMBLE! NICE TO SEE YOU SIR!
NOW WOULD YOU TAKE A LITTLE SOMETHING, MR. BUMBLE?
AND NOW TO BUSINESS. THE ORPHAN KNOWN AS OLIVER TWIST IS, NINE YEARS OLD TODAY!
GOD IS LOVE
BLESS HIM! I'LL FETCH THE LITTLE ANGEL!

THIS IS OUR DEAR LITTLE OLIVER!
NO PLACE LIKE HOME


Oliver was led away from the wretched home, where kindness never had been shown...


BOW TO THE BOARD, BOY!


WHEN WE GET TO THE WORKHOUSE, YOU WILL GO BEFORE THE BOARD!


YOU'VE COME TO LEARN A USEFUL TRADE! SO YOU'LL START PICKING OAKUM AT SIX O'CLOCK TOMORROW MORNING!
WHAT'S THE BOY CRYING FOR?
YOU KNOW YOU HAVE NO MOTHER OR FATHER, BOY?
THE BOY'S A FOOL!

IN THE WORKHOUSE
The starving children cast lots to decide who should dare to ask for a second helping of thin gruel—their supper. It fell to Oliver.
PLEASE, SIR, I WANT SOME MORE!
After a thrashing, Oliver was flung into solitary confinement.
Then a reward was offered to anyone who would take him off the parish.
FIVE POUNDS
OFFERED TO ANYONE WILLING TO APPRENTICE A BOY

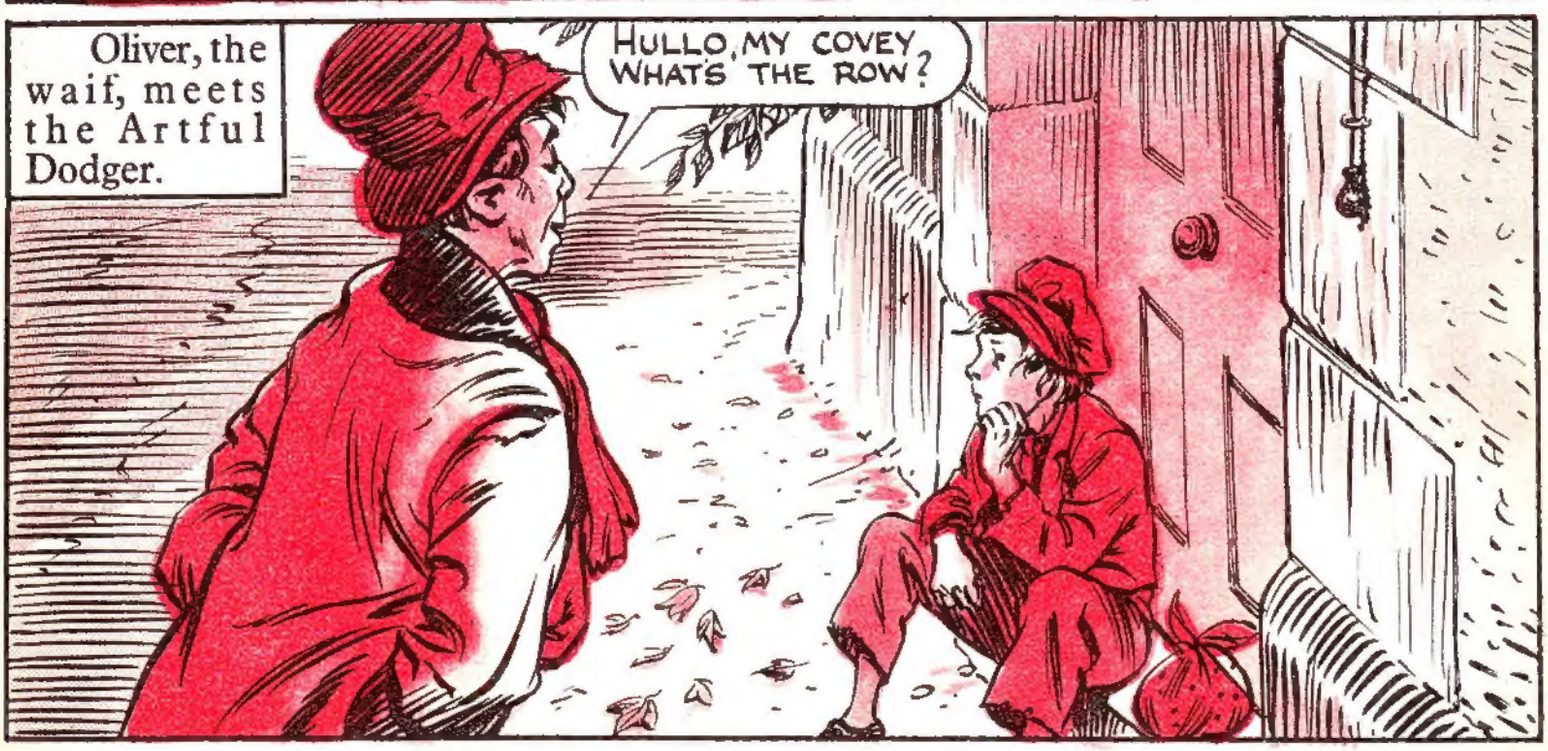
Mr. Sowerberry, a local undertaker, arrived.
Soon Oliver found himself at the undertaker's house.
MY DEAR, THIS IS THE BOY FROM THE WORKHOUSE!
HM! A PARISH BRAT, HE'LL BE MORE TROUBLE THAN HE'S WORTH!
CHARLOTTE! GIVE THIS BOY THE BITS THAT WERE PUT BY FOR THE DOG!
Oliver has to sleep among the coffins.
He meets Noah Claypole — his fellow-worker.

One day . . .
WORK'US, HOW'S YER MOTHER?
SHE'S DEAD. DONT YOU SAY ANYTHING MORE ABOUT HER!
YER KNOW, WORK'US, YER MOTHER WAS A REGULAR RIGHT DOWN BAD-UN!
HELP! HELP! OLIVER'S GONE MAD!
Oliver resents the insults to his poor mother's memory, and the Sowerberry household join forces against him.

Oliver was thrust into the cellar until Mr. Bumble arrived to thrash him again.

Oliver decides to run away.

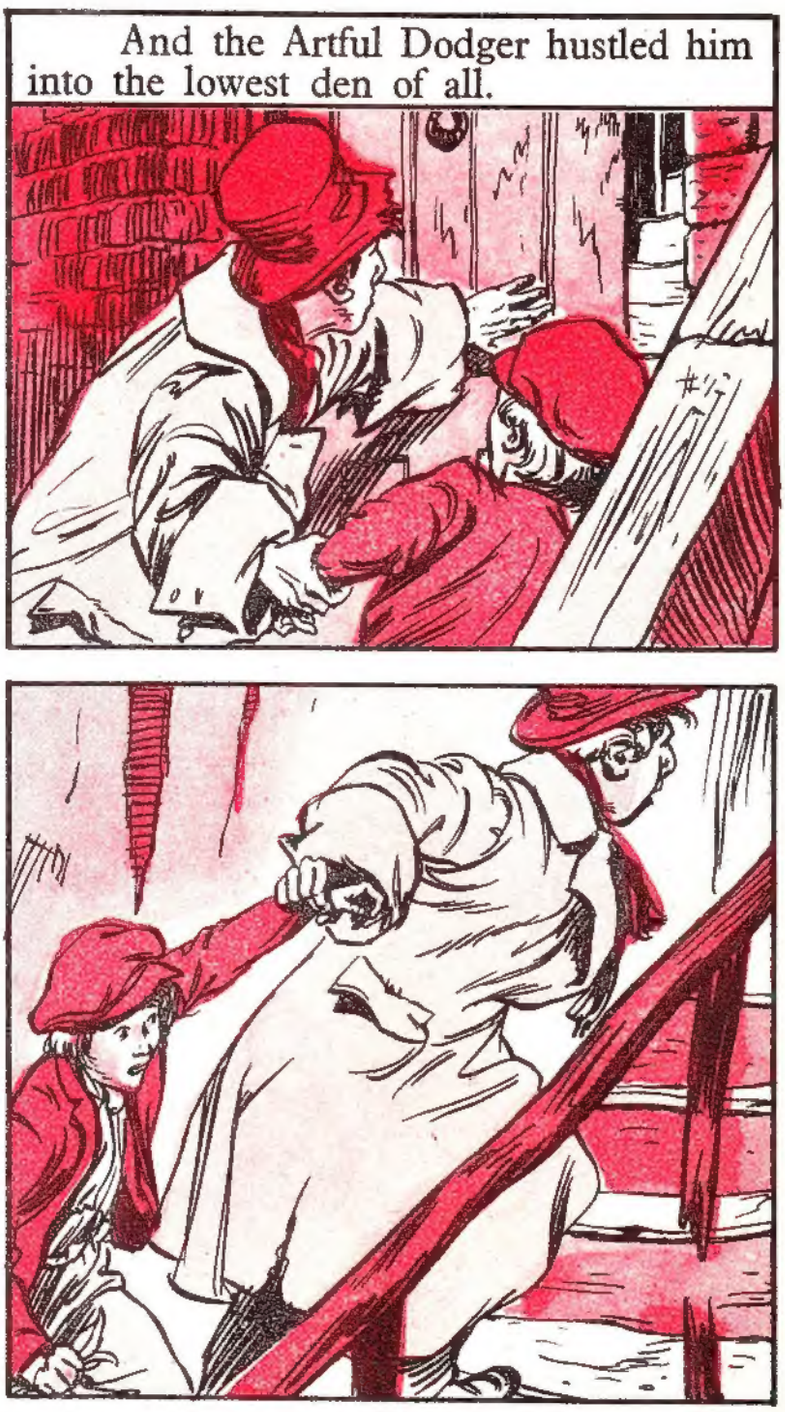
Oliver, the waif, meets the Artful Dodger.

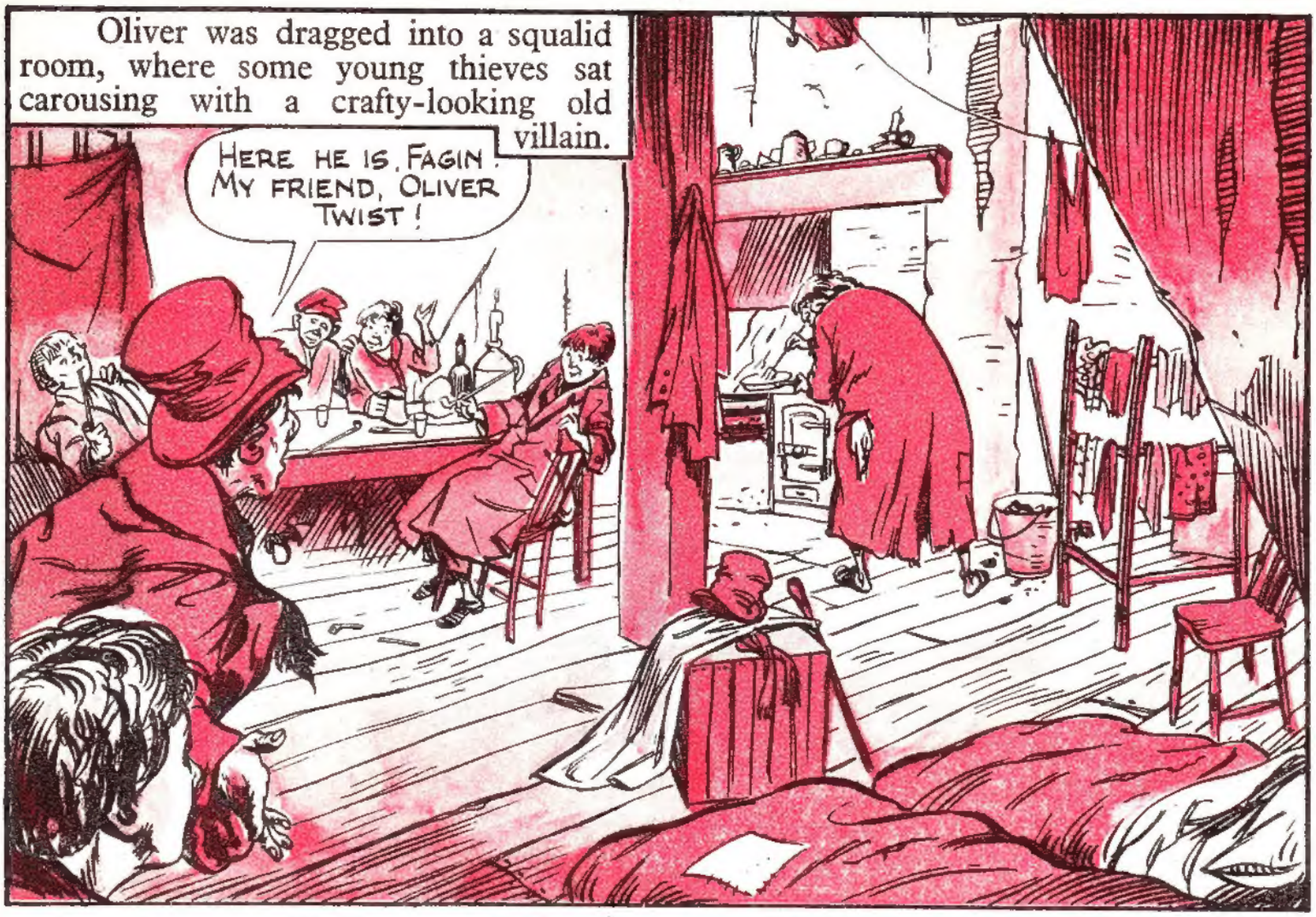


YOU WANT GRUB AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT!
I AM SO TIRED AND HUNGRY—I'VE BEEN WALKING THESE SEVEN DAYS!

The Artful Dodger provides Oliver with a meal.
I KNOW A SPECTABLE OLD GENTLEMAN IN LONDON WOT'LL GIVE YER LODGINGS FER NOTHING!

In London, Oliver followed his new friend through a maze of mean streets and filthy alleys . . .

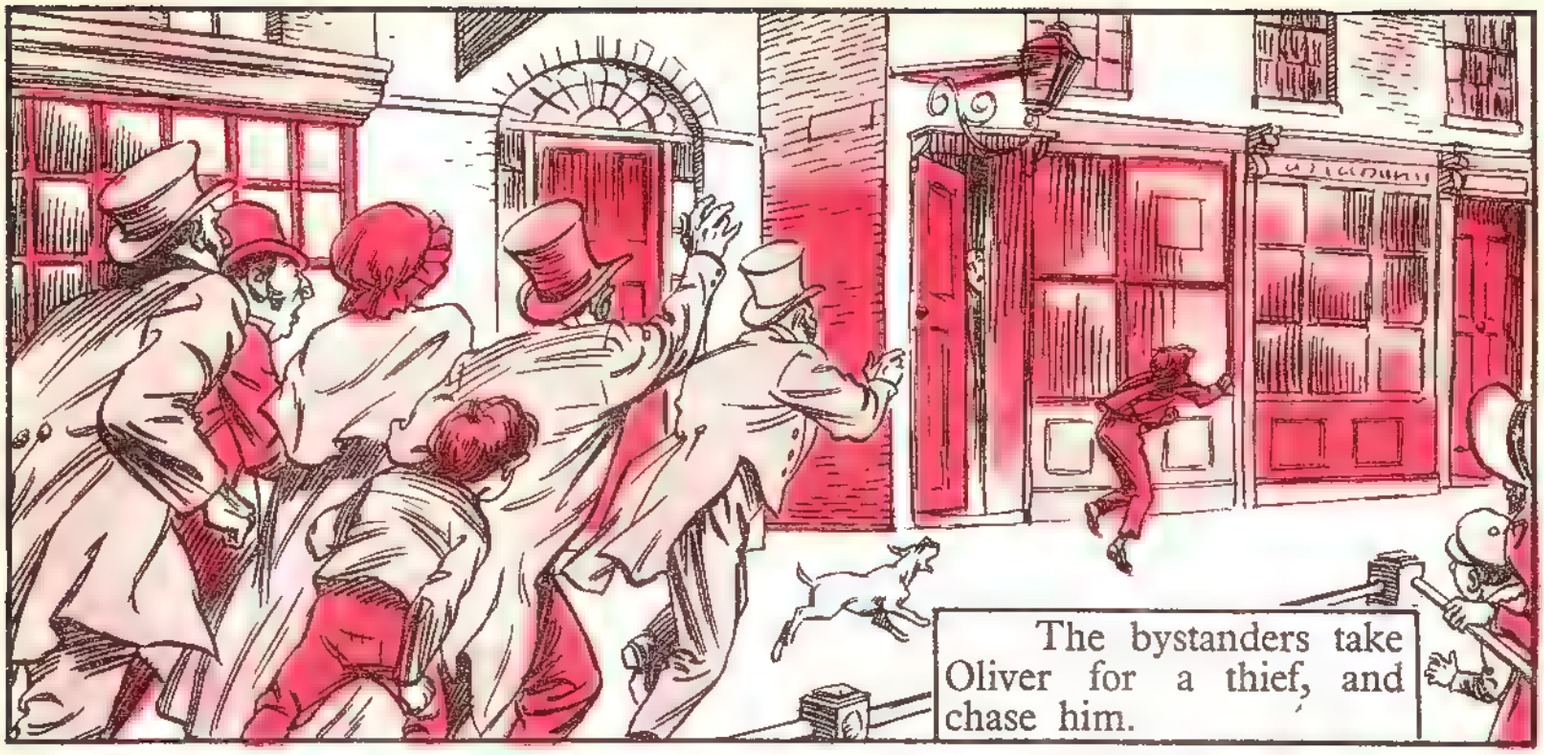

And the Artful Dodger hustled him into the lowest den of all.

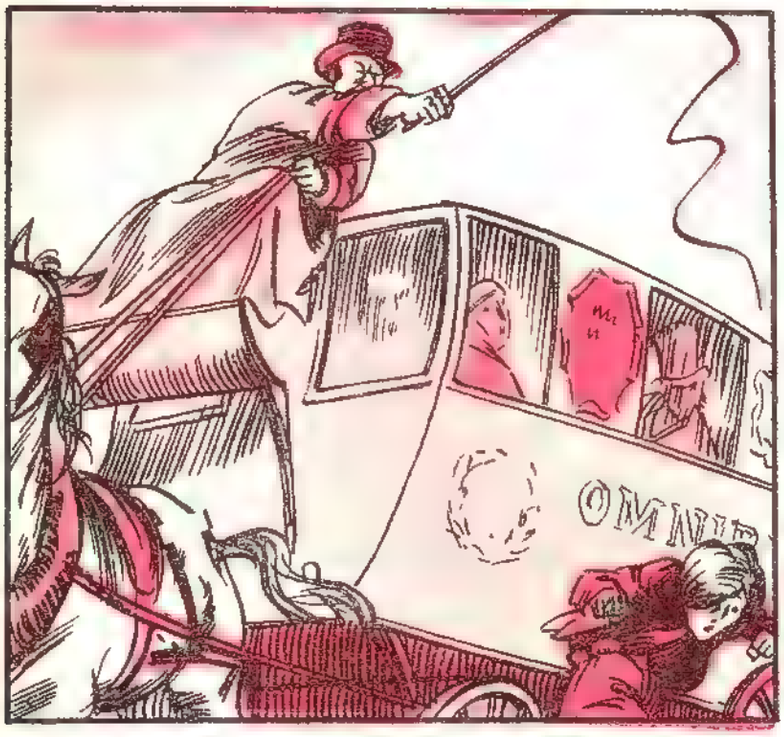

Oliver was dragged into a squalid room, where some young thieves sat carousing with a crafty-looking old villain.
HERE HE IS, FAGIN! MY FRIEND, OLIVER TWIST!

Oliver meets Fagin, the "'spectable old Gentleman".
WE ARE GLAD TO SEE YOU OLIVER, MY DEAR!

THE THIEVES KITCHEN

Fagin teaches Oliver a new game.
SEE IF YOU CAN PULL MY HANDKERCHIEF OUT OF MY POCKET WITHOUT MY FEELING IT, OLIVER!
One day, Oliver was taken out by the Artful Dodger and Charlie.
TAKE CARE OF OLIVER, MY DEARS!
Oliver was shocked by the deeds of his thievish companions.
BEST APPLES
With horror, he saw them pick the pocket of an old gentleman.
SHOP
STOP THIEF!
COURT


The bystanders take Oliver for a thief, and chase him.



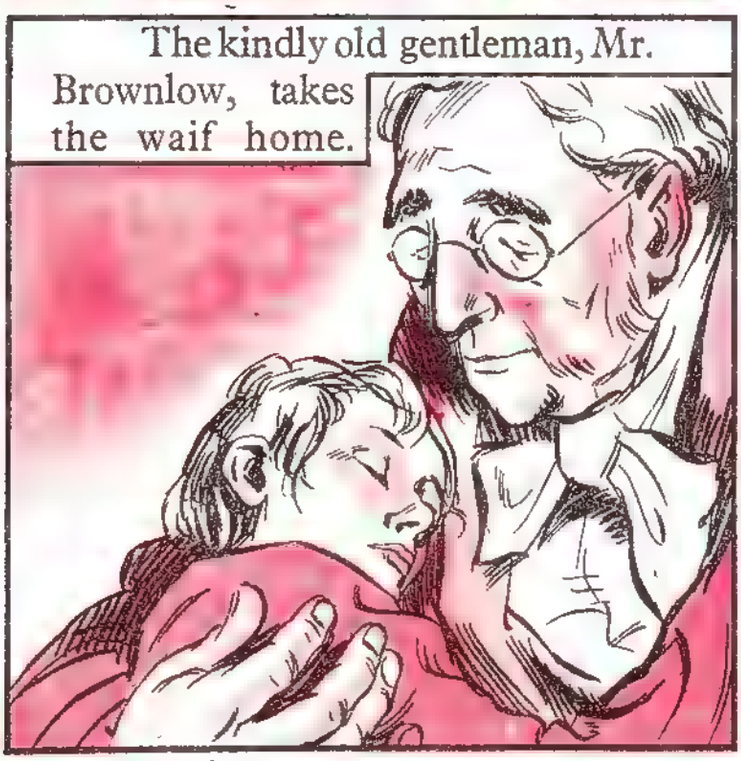
Surrounded by menacing faces . . .

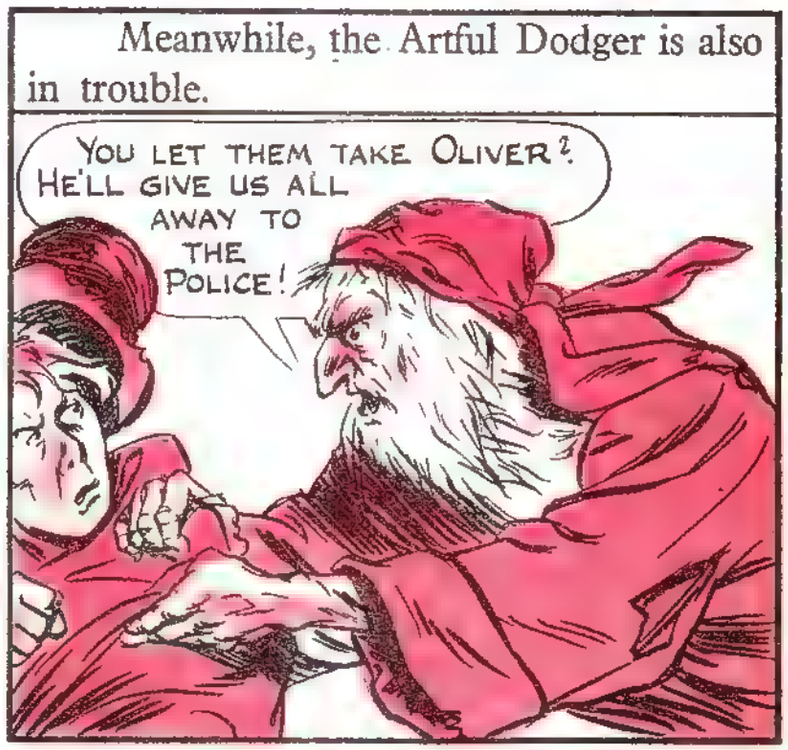
POOR LAD, HE IS HURT!

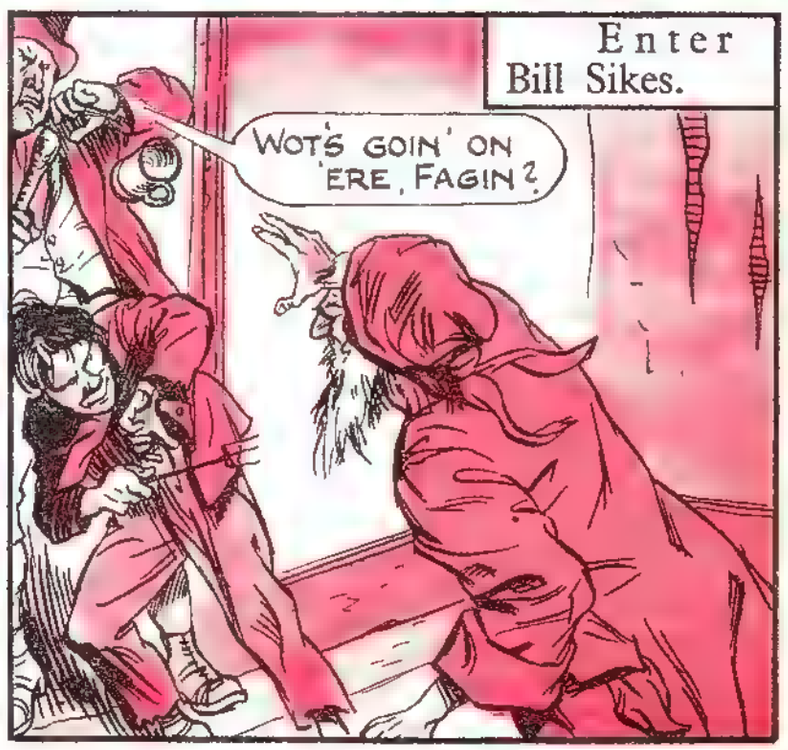
I WOULD RATHER YOU LET HIM GO, OFFICER!

Oliver is sentenced to gaol—then the book-seller rushes in.
THIS IS NOT THE BOY!

POOR LAD, HE IS ILL! CALL A COACH, SOMEBODY!


The kindly old gentleman, Mr. Brownlow, takes the waif home.


Meanwhile, the Artful Dodger is also in trouble.
YOU LET THEM TAKE OLIVER? HE'LL GIVE US ALL AWAY TO THE POLICE!


Enter Bill Sikes.
WOT'S GOIN' ON 'ERE, FAGIN?

WOT ARE YOU UP TO, YOU AWARISHUS OLD FENCE!
IT IS NOTHING, MR. SIKES, JUST A LITTLE DISAGREEMENT!
COME IN, YOU CUR! GETTING TOO PROUD TO OWN ME, ARE YER?
AND I'M AFRAID OLIVER MAY GET US INTO TROUBLE!
SOMEONE'S GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED AT THE POLICE STATION, THEN!
NANCY! SHE CAN GO, BILL!
MAKE ME WHAT?
I'LL MAKE ER!
Nancy is sent to ask the police about Oliver.
WHY, AN OLD GENT TOOK 'IM, ME DEAR!
OH, MY POOR BROTHER! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM?
Back at Fagin's.
WE'VE GOT TO KNOW WHERE HE IS – OLIVER'S MOUTH MUST BE CLOSED!

At Mr. Brownlow's house, Oliver receives the first kind treatment he has ever known.

HOW ARE YOU FEELING TODAY, MY DEAR LAD?

VERY HAPPY, SIR, AND VERY GRATEFUL!

Looked after by Mrs. Bedwin, the housekeeper, he quickly recovers.

Then one day, Oliver is sent to the bookseller's . . .

YOU ARE TO SAY YOU HAVE COME TO PAY THE FOUR POUNDS TEN I OWE HIM!

YOU DON'T EXPECT TO SEE HIM BACK DO YOU?

Unhappily he falls again into the hands of Bill Sikes and Nancy . . .

YOUNG OLIVER, COME 'OME TO YER MA!

OH, OLIVER, I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST!

And is dragged back to Fagin's.

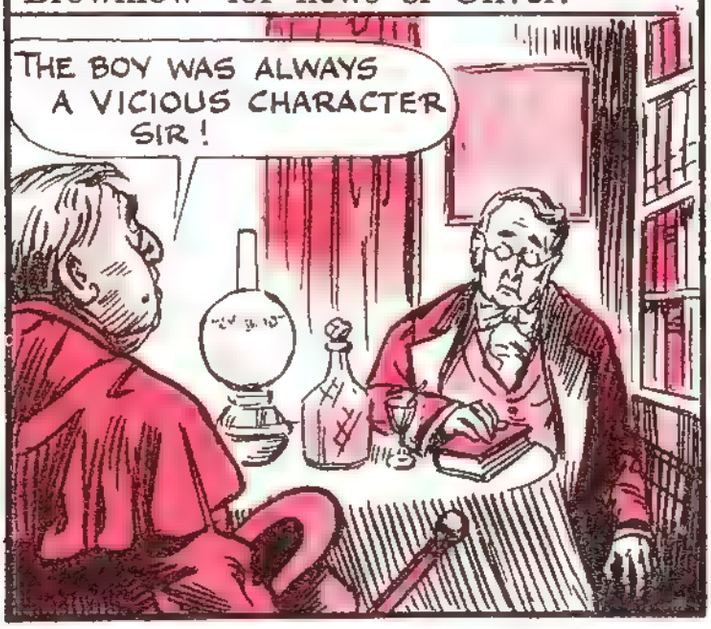
ERE 'E IS FAGIN!

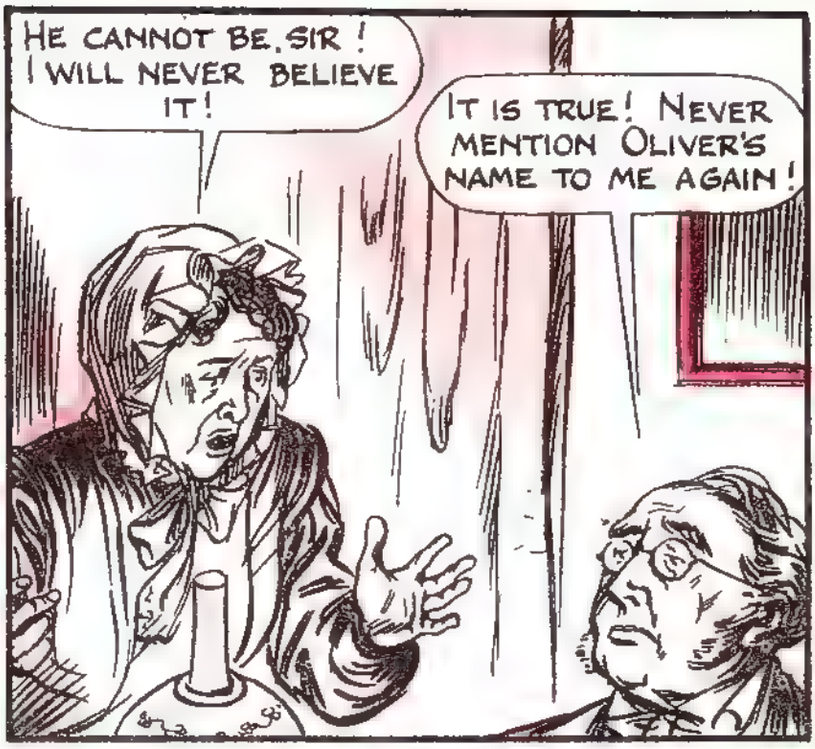
DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, MY DEAR! WHY DIDN'T YOU WRITE?

OH, MY WIG! LOOK AT 'IS TOGS, FAGIN!

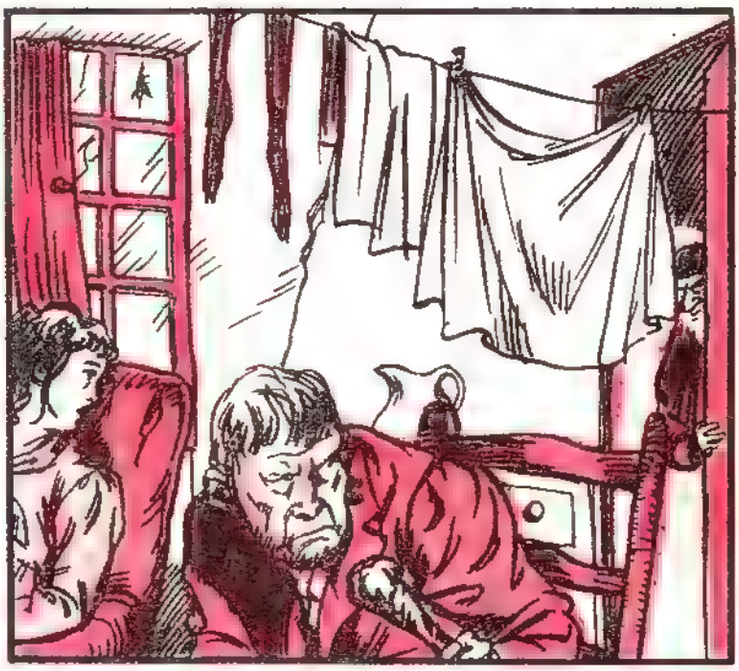
Terror-stricken, Oliver tries to escape.
KEEP THE DOG BACK, BILL! HE'LL TEAR THE BOY TO PIECES!
SO YOU WANTED TO GET AWAY, EH, MY DEAR?
LET HIM BE, FAGIN! I WON'T STAND BY AND SEE IT DONE!
I WISH I'D BEEN STRUCK DEAD AFORE I HELPED TO BRING HIM BACK 'ERE!
YOU'RE A NICE ONE TO TAKE UP THE BOY!
Nancy is struck down, and Oliver made a prisoner.
H'ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU YER ROOM, ME LORD!
Mr. Brownlow, sadly disappointed, waits in vain for the boy he befriended.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Bumble answered an advertisement by Mr. Brownlow for news of Oliver.



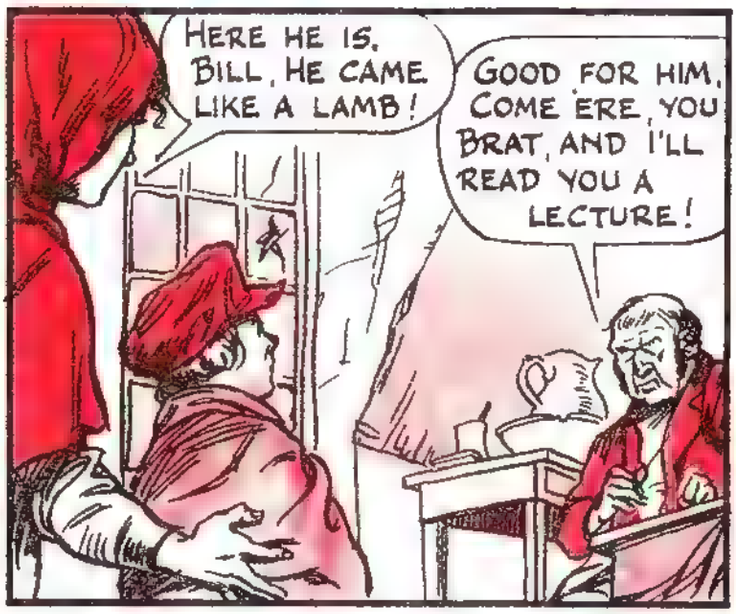


And now Fagin plans to involve Oliver in a burglary.



I WONDER IF SHE'S TO BE TRUSTED? THE WORST OF WOMEN SOMETIMES GET BETTER FEELINGS - BUT THEY DON'T LAST - HE! HE!
GOODNIGHT, NANCY MY DEAR!

I'VE DONE WHAT I COULD FOR YOU, OLIVER. YOU MUST DO WHAT THEY SAY OR WE SHALL BOTH SUFFER!
The next day, Nancy takes Oliver to Bill Sikes.


HERE HE IS, BILL. HE CAME LIKE A LAMB!
GOOD FOR HIM. COME 'ERE, YOU BRAT, AND I'LL READ YOU A LECTURE!

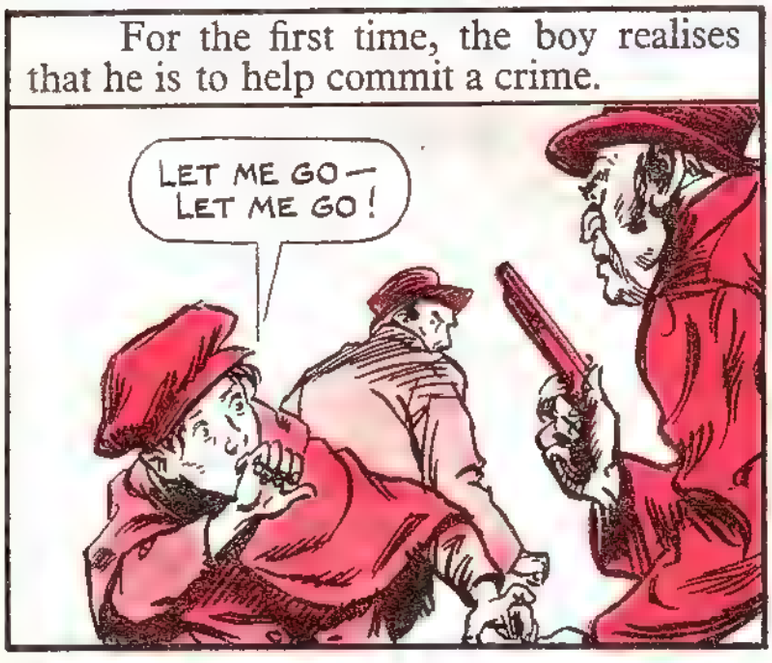
NOW - THIS 'ERE BARKER'S LOADED - SEE? IF YOU MAKE A SOUND WHEN YOU'RE OUT WITH ME - IT MIGHT GO OFF, SEE?

In the morning, Sikes and Oliver set out early.

And arrive in the country at nightfall.
ONE OF FAGIN'S LADS WOT'S GOIN' TO HELP US!
GLAD TO SEE YOU, BILL. WOT'S THIS?

Oliver and the burglars set off.

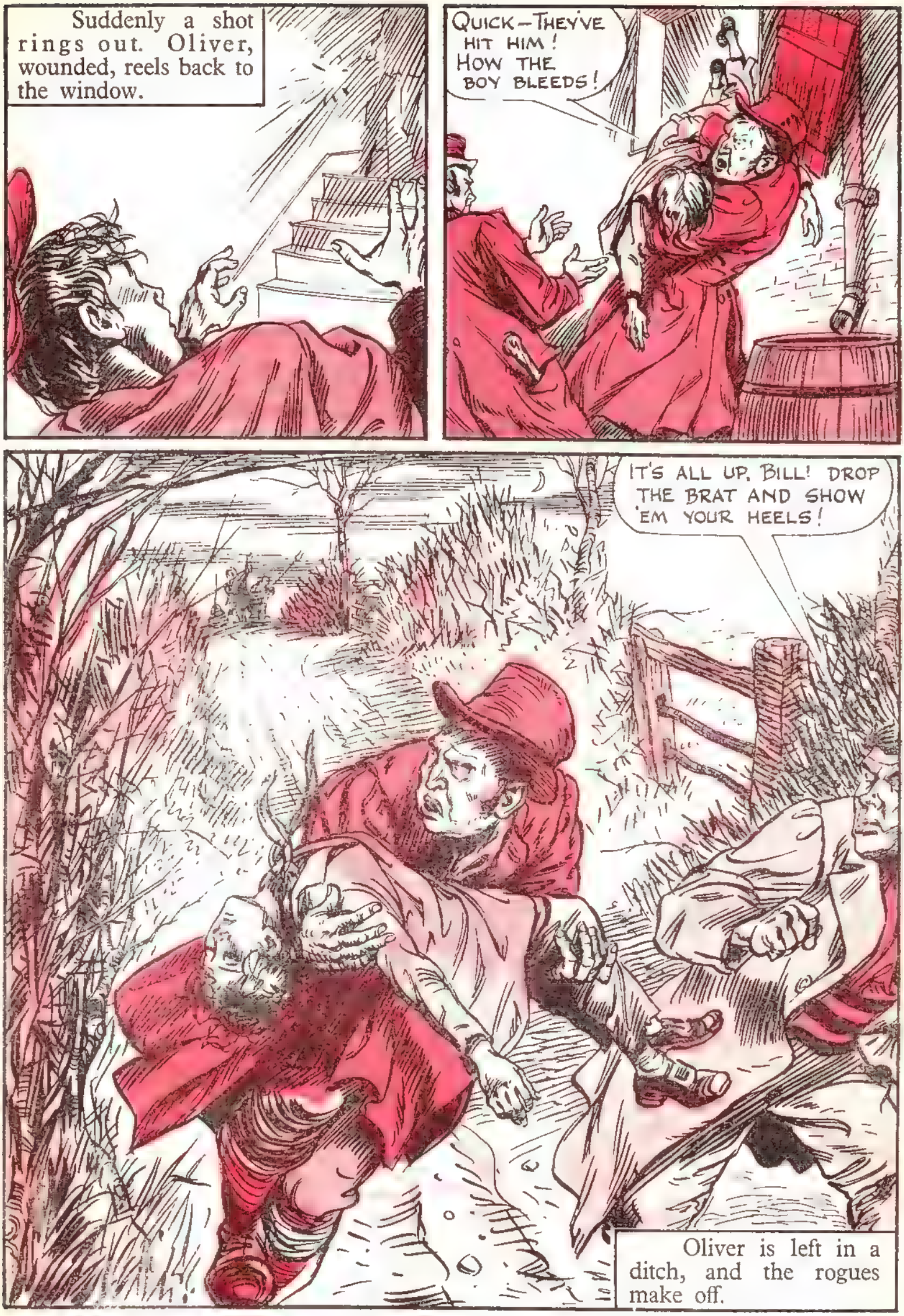
GIVE US YER 'AND, BOY!


For the first time, the boy realises that he is to help commit a crime.
LET ME GO— LET ME GO!

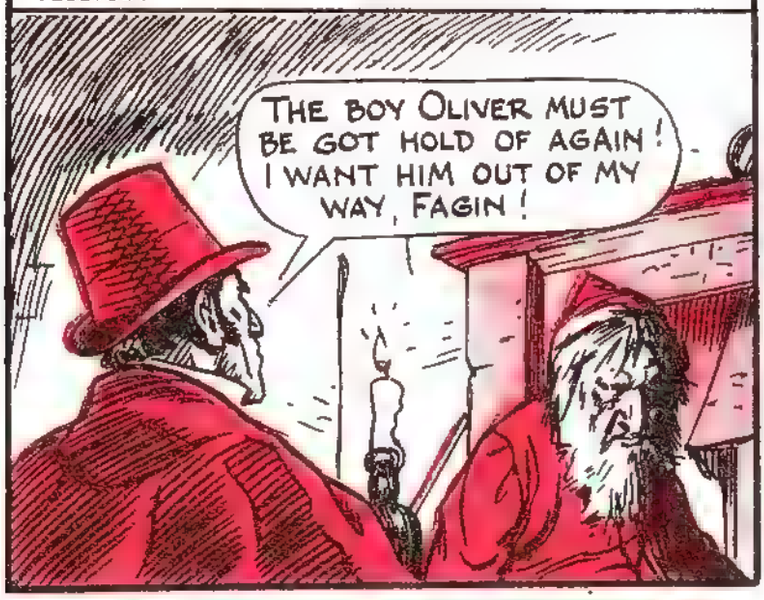
IF YOU MAKE A SOUND— I'LL SHOOT!

TAKE THIS LANTERN AND UNBOLT THE DOOR!

Bravely, he tries to warn the household.
COME BACK— YOU—!

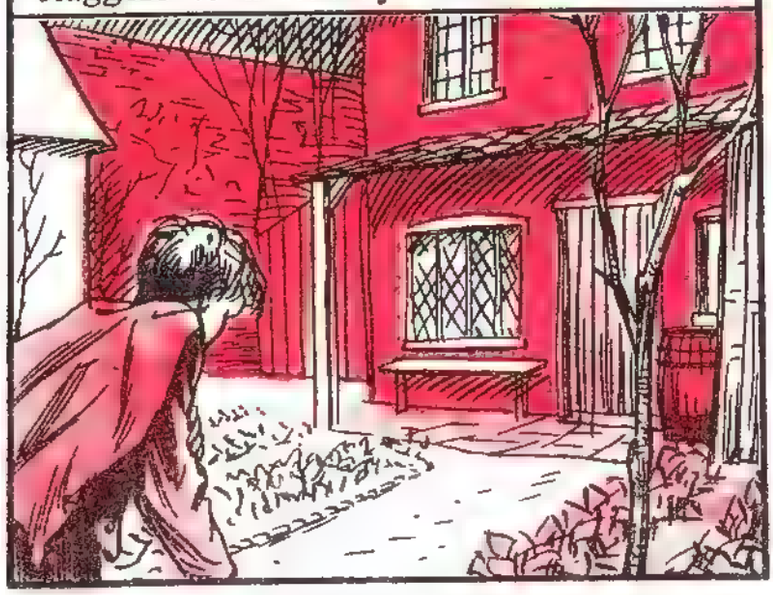

Suddenly a shot rings out. Oliver, wounded, reels back to the window.
QUICK—THEY'VE HIT HIM! HOW THE BOY BLEEDS!
IT'S ALL UP, BILL! DROP THE BRAT AND SHOW 'EM YOUR HEELS!
Oliver is left in a ditch, and the rogues make off.

Meanwhile, Fagin has a mysterious visitor.

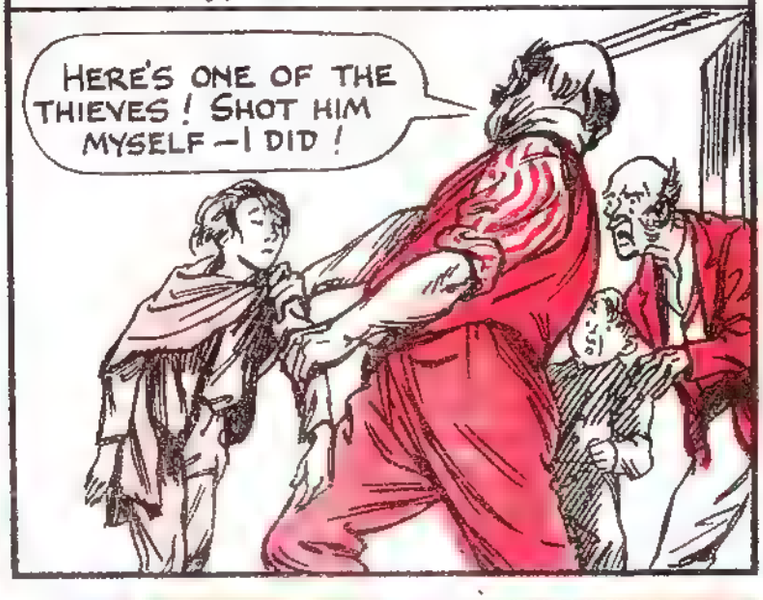


And Mr. Bumble woos the Matron of the workhouse!

Oliver, regaining consciousness, staggers to a nearby house.



But as this house was the scene of the robbery, he is seized.



The family doctor is sent for.
WHY – HE'S ONLY A CHILD!
YOU CANNOT BELIEVE THIS CHILD IS A CRIMINAL!
H'M!
LEAVE ME TO QUIETEN GILES AND THE OTHER SERVANTS, AND I MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE THE CHILD FROM PRISON!
Just then, the Bow Street Runners arrive. They have been sent for by Giles.
WE'RE THE OFFICERS AS WAS SENT FOR!
OH DEAR, WHY DID THEY SEND FOR THESE PEOPLE?

The Runners are taken up to Oliver.

THIS POOR LAD WAS WOUNDED BY A SPRING-GUN DURING SOME BOYISH TRESPASS, WHEREUPON THIS FELLOW WITH THE CANDLE MISTOOK HIM FOR A THIEF!

DO YOU STILL THINK HE WAS THE THIEF?

I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK!

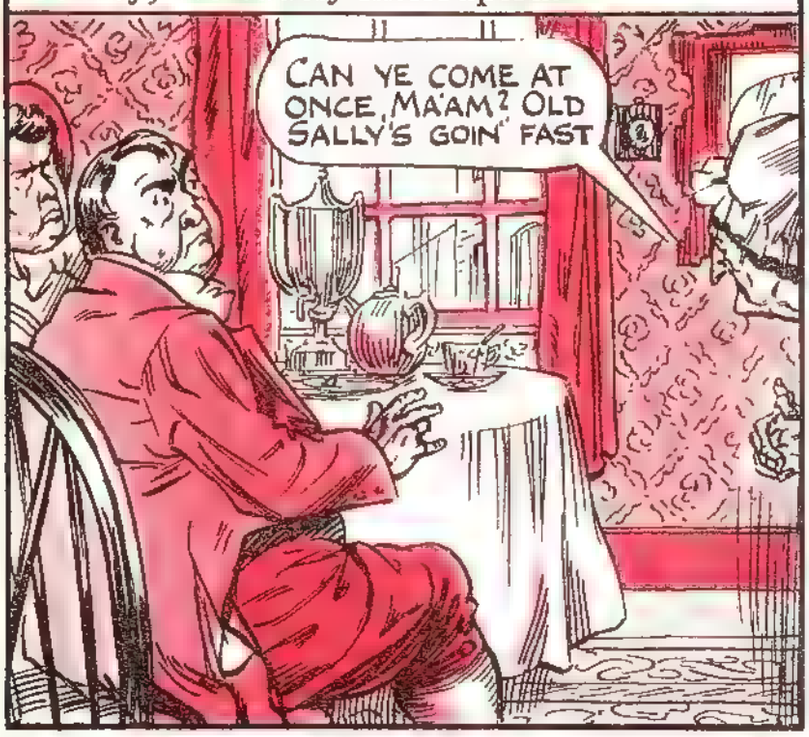
WHAT A PRECIOUS MUDDLE-HEADED CHAP YOU ARE!

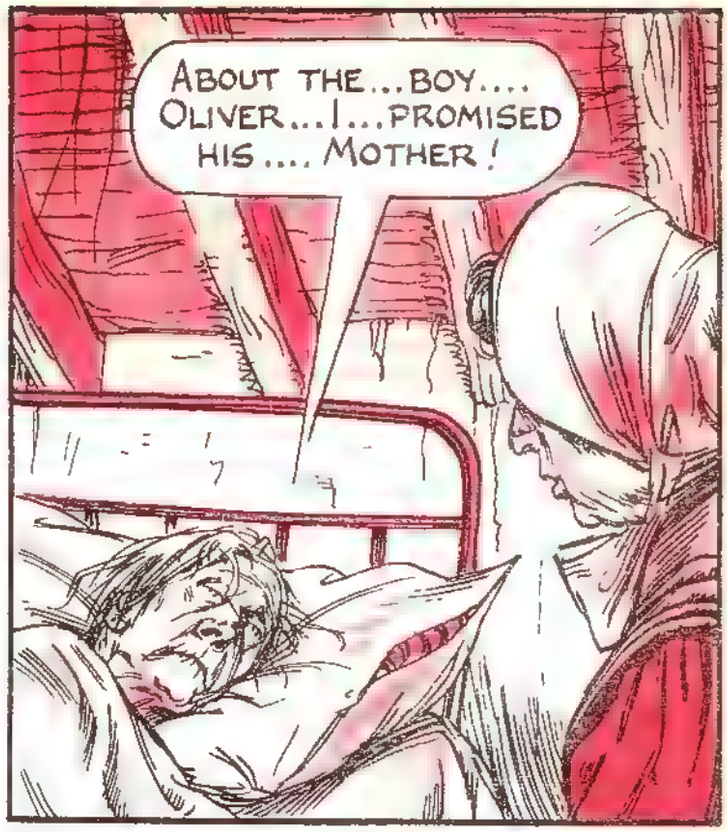
YES SIR— THANK'EE SIR!

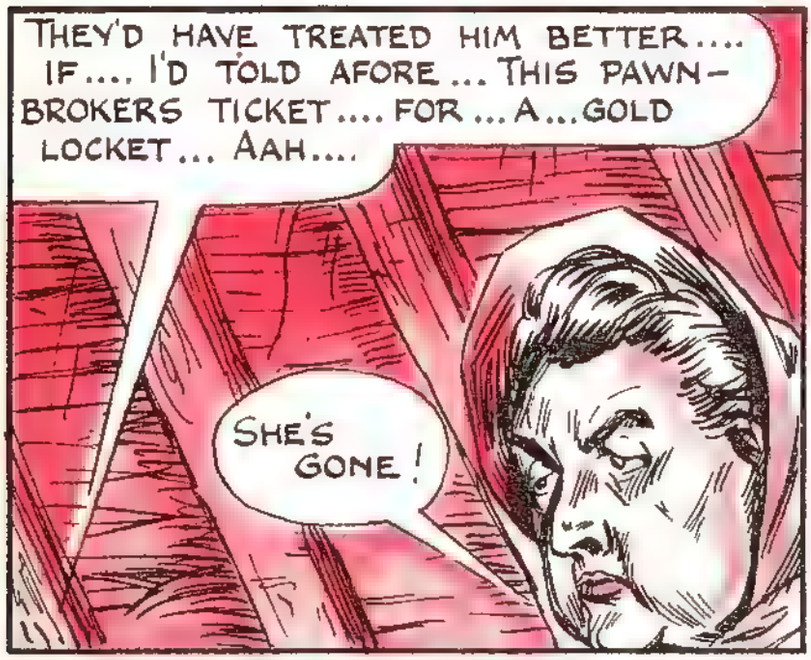
Finally persuaded that Oliver is not a thief, the Runners leave.

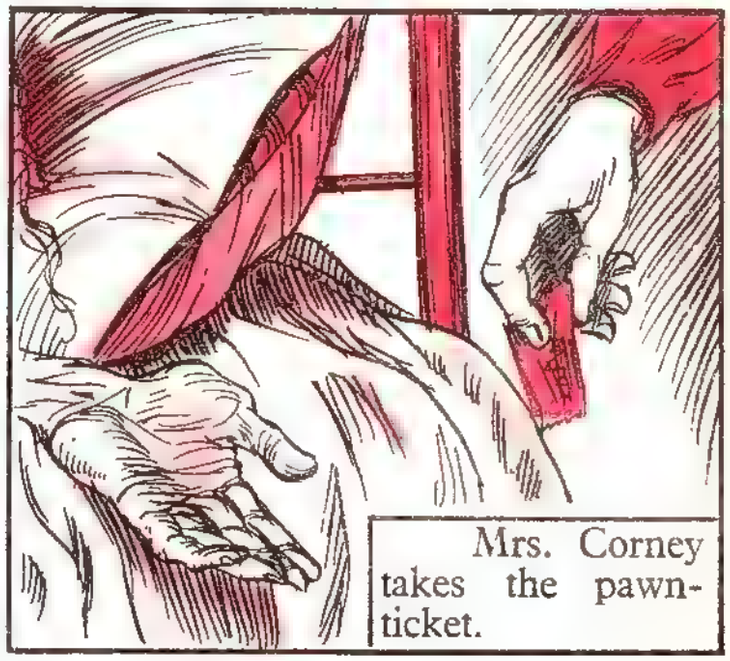
After a long illness, Oliver finds himself in the gentle care of Mrs. Maylie and her pretty niece, Rose.

Mr. Bumble and his bride-to-be, Mrs. Corney, are rudely interrupted.









Mrs. Corney takes the pawn-ticket.

And so, when Mr. Bumble married Mrs. Corney, he came into possession of a secret about Oliver's birth.

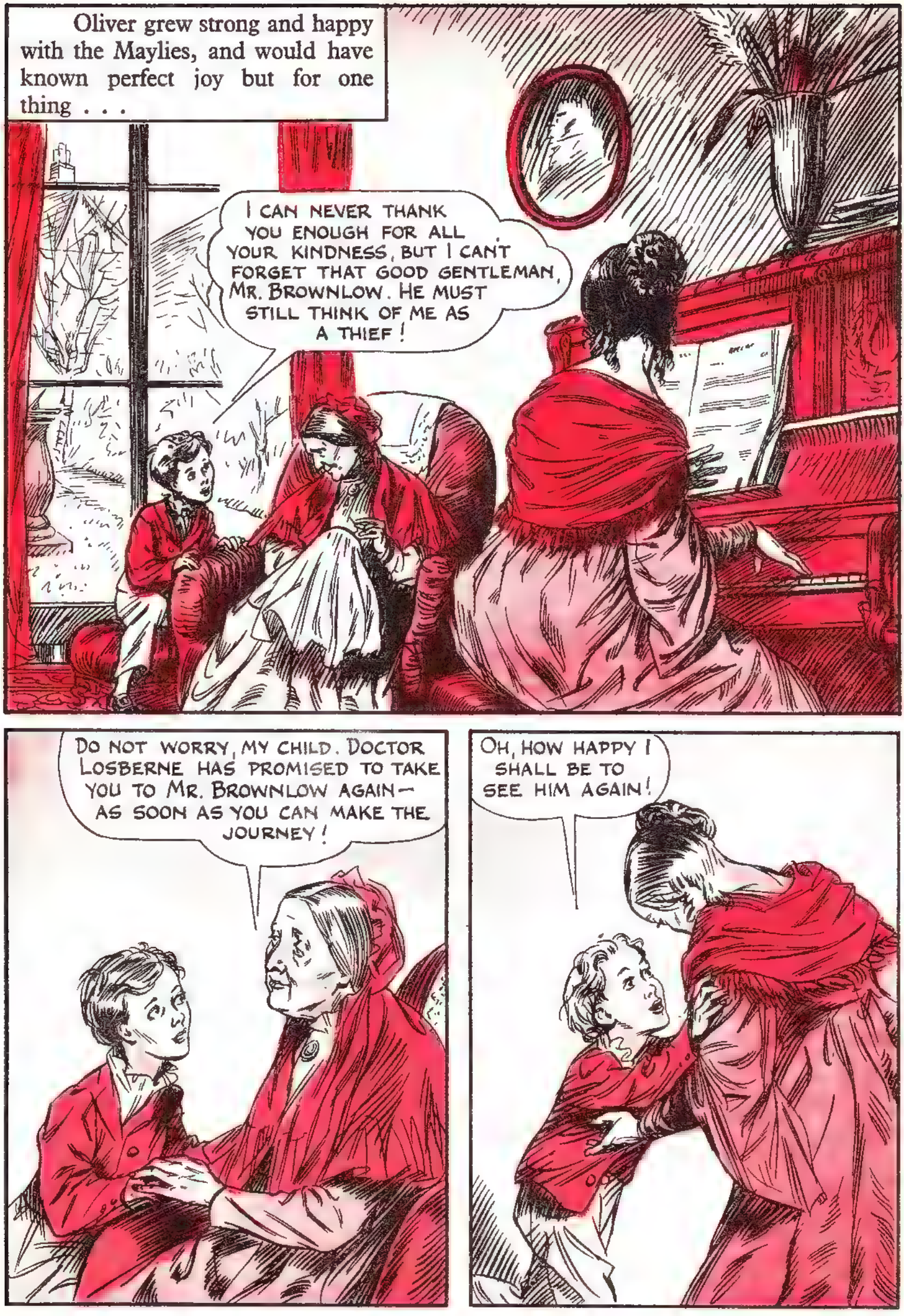
But Mr. Bumble, now promoted to workhouse Master, soon meets his matrimonial match.

I SHALL SIT AS LONG AS I THINK PROPER, MA'AM— SUCH BEING MY RIGHT!
YOUR RIGHT! WHY — YOU BRUTE!
CRY AWAY, MA'AM. IT OPENS THE LUNGS, EXERCISES THE EYES, AND SOFTENS THE TEMPER!
And Bumble the bully continues to meet with humiliation.
YOU DARE TO TALK TO ME ABOUT YOUR RIGHTS AGAIN!

HEM! I'LL AT LEAST BE TREATED WITH RESPECT HERE! NOW THEN, YOU HUSSIES, WHAT'S THE NOISE ABOUT?
I BEG YOUR PARDON MY DEAR — I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE!
YOU'RE TOO FOND OF POKING YOUR NOSE INTO THINGS THAT DON'T CONCERN YOU AND MAKING YOURSELF A LAUGHING-STOCK! NOW BE OFF WITH YOU!

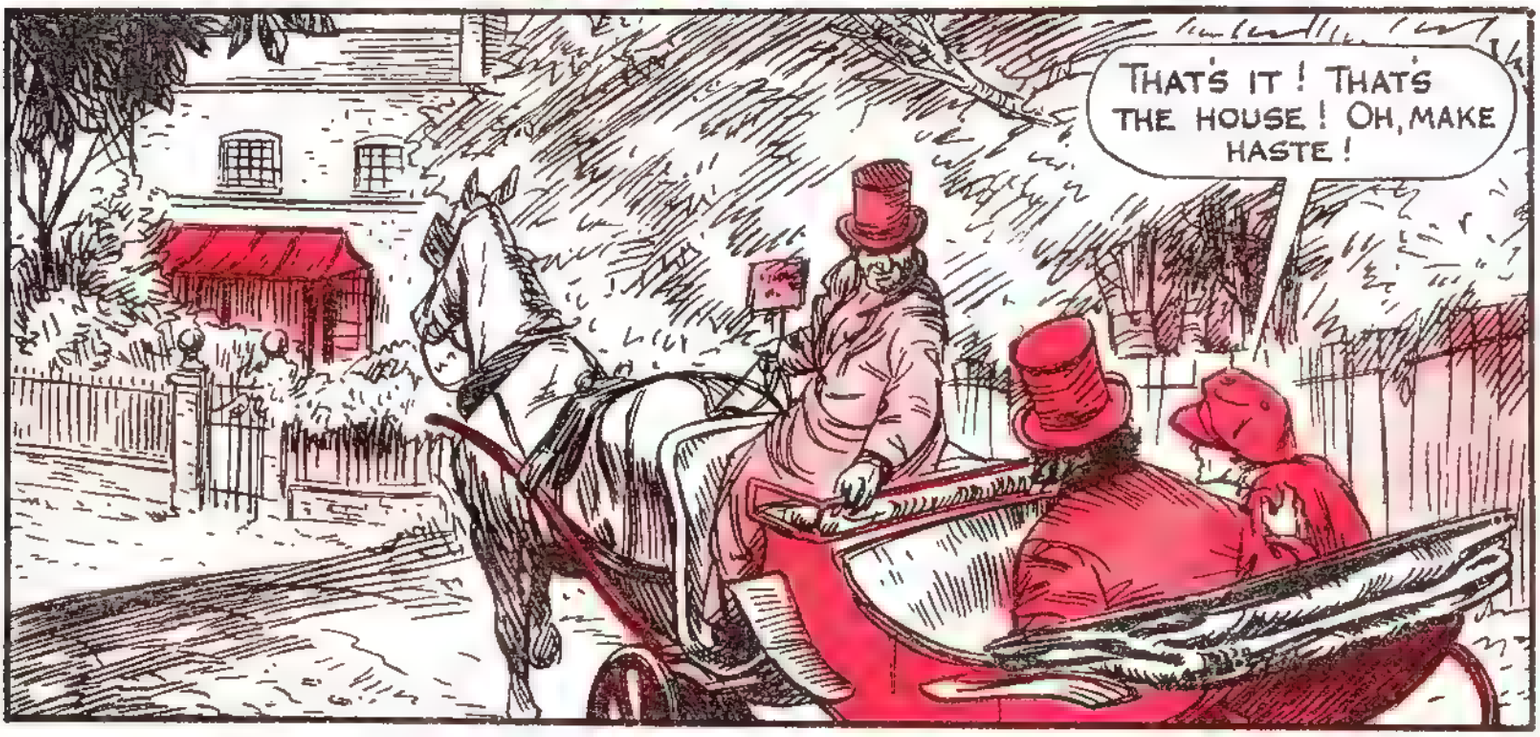
71. The once proud Beadle slunk away to an Inn.
YOU WERE BEADLE HERE ONCE, WERE YOU NOT?
FINE ALES
IT WOULD BE WORTH YOUR WHILE TO GIVE ME CERTAIN INFORMATION!
THERE WAS A LAD NAMED OLIVER TWIST.....
WHY, YES. AN OBSTINATE YOUNG-
IT'S NOT OF HIM I WANT TO HEAR, BUT THE OLD HAG WHO NURSED HIS MOTHER!
SHE DIED LAST WINTER; I MIGHT ARRANGE FOR YOU TO MEET ONE AS WAS WITH 'ER AT THE END!

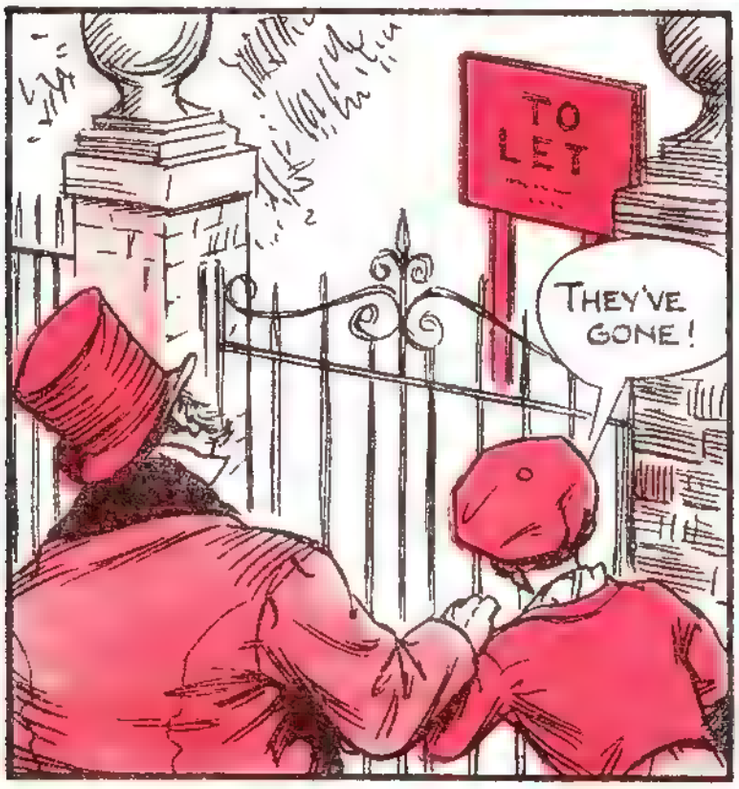
BRING HER TO THIS ADDRESS TOMORROW NIGHT!
WHAT NAME SHALL I ASK FOR?
MONKS!
Next night.
COME! TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW OF OLIVER TWIST!
.....SO I TOOK THE PLEDGE TO THE PAWNBROKERS, AND GOT THIS LOCKET WITH OLIVER'S MOTHER'S NAME AND PICTURE IN IT.....
GIVE IT TO ME!
THERE! THAT'S THE END OF IT!


Oliver grew strong and happy with the Maylies, and would have known perfect joy but for one thing . . .
I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR ALL YOUR KINDNESS, BUT I CAN'T FORGET THAT GOOD GENTLEMAN, MR. BROWNLOW. HE MUST STILL THINK OF ME AS A THIEF!
DO NOT WORRY, MY CHILD. DOCTOR LOSBERNE HAS PROMISED TO TAKE YOU TO MR. BROWNLOW AGAIN— AS SOON AS YOU CAN MAKE THE JOURNEY!
OH, HOW HAPPY I SHALL BE TO SEE HIM AGAIN!

WELL, YOUNG MAN – FEEL STRONG ENOUGH TO TRAVEL YET?
YES, SIR – INDEED I DO!

Oliver sets off with the Doctor to find Mr. Brownlow.

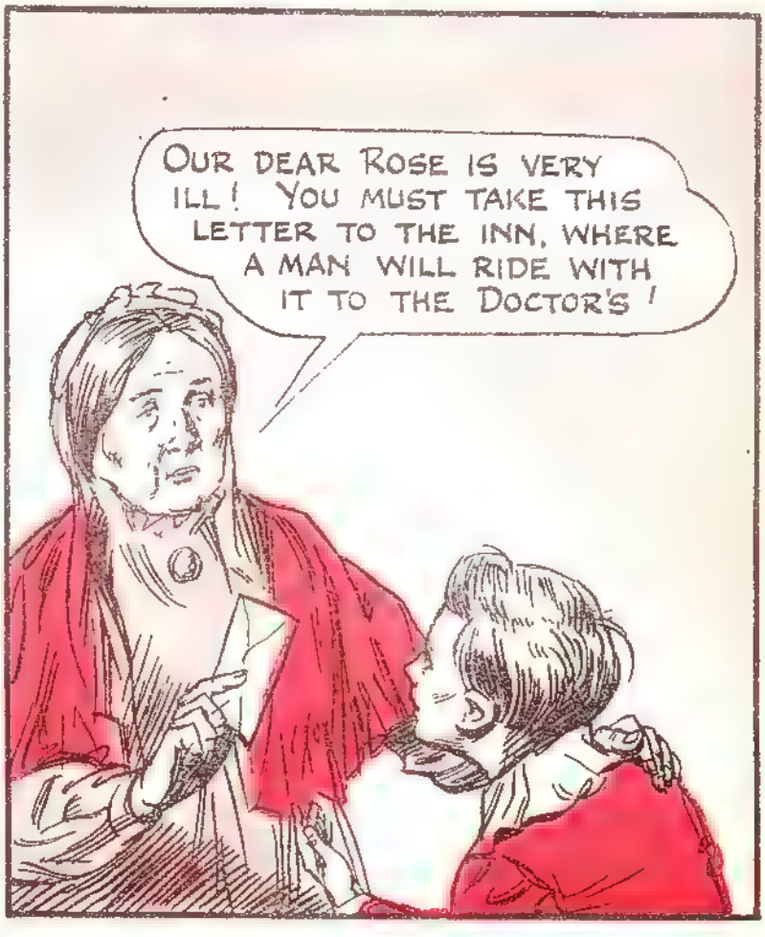

THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE HOUSE! OH, MAKE HASTE!


TO LET
THEY'VE GONE!

MR. BROWNLOW SOLD UP AND WENT ABROAD SIX WEEKS AGO, SIR!

The days passed peacefully for Oliver, and on Sundays he gave thanks for the happy life he led.

But one day, a shadow fell upon his happiness.

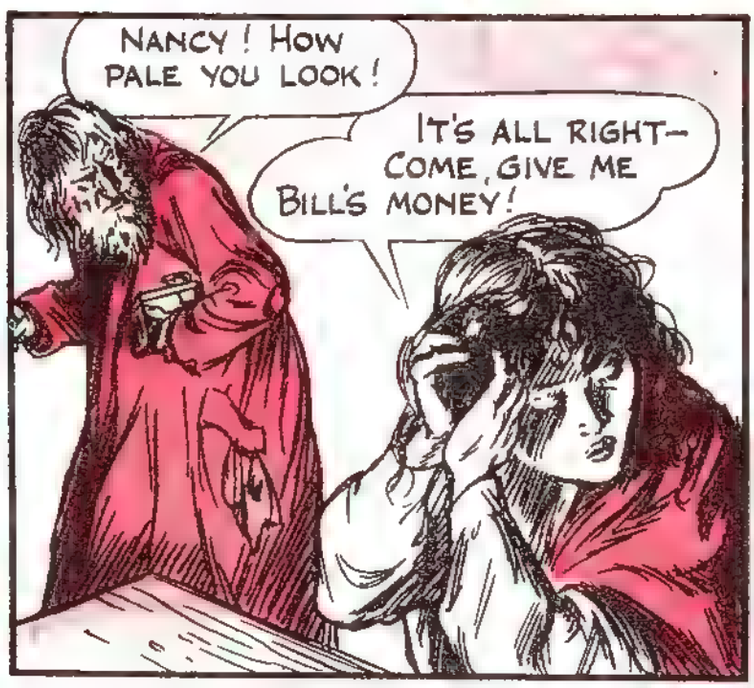


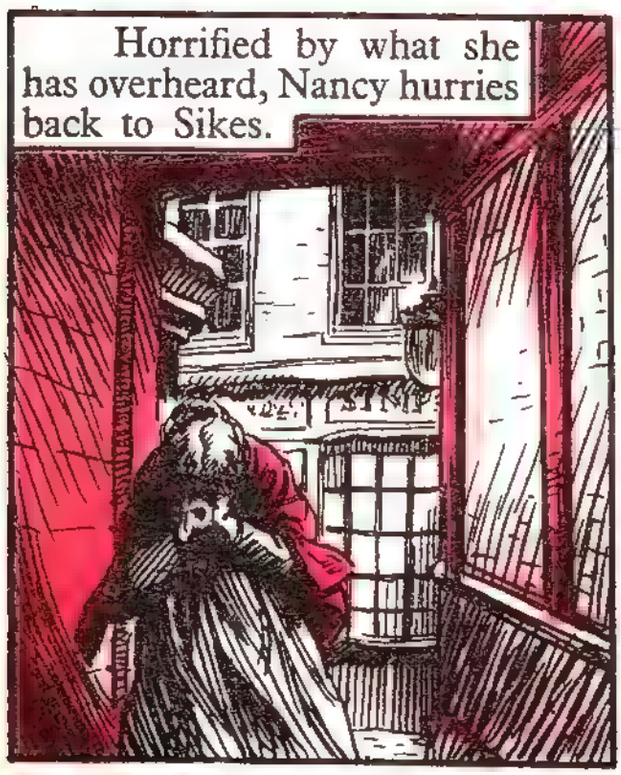
Oliver delivers the letter.
THIS IS TO GO TO DR. LOSBERNE AT ONCE!
And runs into Monks.
DEATH! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT! CURSE YOU! WILL I NEVER BE RID OF YOU?
The Doctor arrives.
COMPOSE YOURSELF, MRS. MAYLIE. ROSE IS IN NO DANGER!
One evening, Oliver was sitting alone, when he thought he saw Fagin and the stranger he had bumped into at the Inn.
A search was made, but there was no sign of Fagin and Monks.
FAGIN – FAGIN! I SAW HIM!

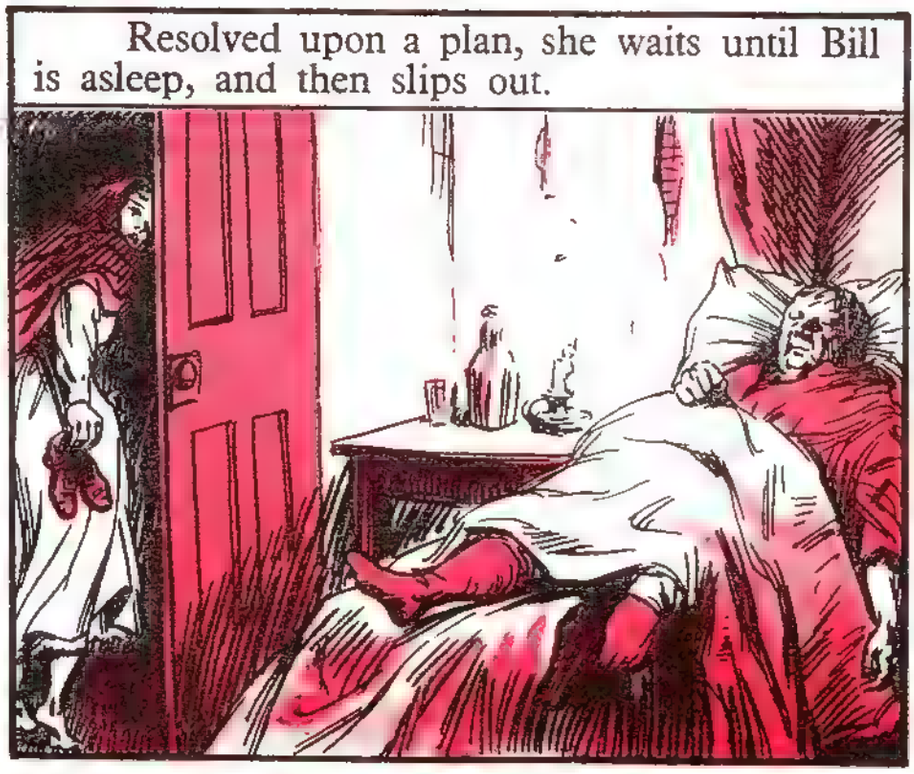
Meanwhile, Bill Sikes, in hiding since the burglary, is visited by Fagin.
WELL, BILL ME DEAR — WE'VE BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING NICE TO EAT!
WOT D'YOU MEAN BY LEAVING A MAN IN THIS STATE THREE WEEKS OR MORE!
ONLY HEAR HIM, DODGER AND US BRINGING HIM ALL THESE BE-AUTIFUL THINGS!
IT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT I MUST 'AVE SOME MONEY TONIGHT, YOU FALSE VAGABOND!
I HAVEN'T A PENNY PIECE ABOUT ME, BILL!
THEN NANCY CAN GO WITH YOU TO GET SOME!
Nancy goes back with Fagin.
WHO'S THAT, I SAY?
WHO'S THAT GIRL?
AH, IT'S YOU, MR. MONKS, DON'T BE ALARMED — THIS IS ONLY ONE OF MY YOUNG PEOPLE!

GOOD NEWS, FAGIN! I HAVE BEEN PROMPT ENOUGH THIS TIME!
HUSH! COME UPSTAIRS!

Nancy listens to them talking about Oliver.


NANCY! HOW PALE YOU LOOK!
IT'S ALL RIGHT— COME, GIVE ME BILL'S MONEY!


Horrified by what she has overheard, Nancy hurries back to Sikes.

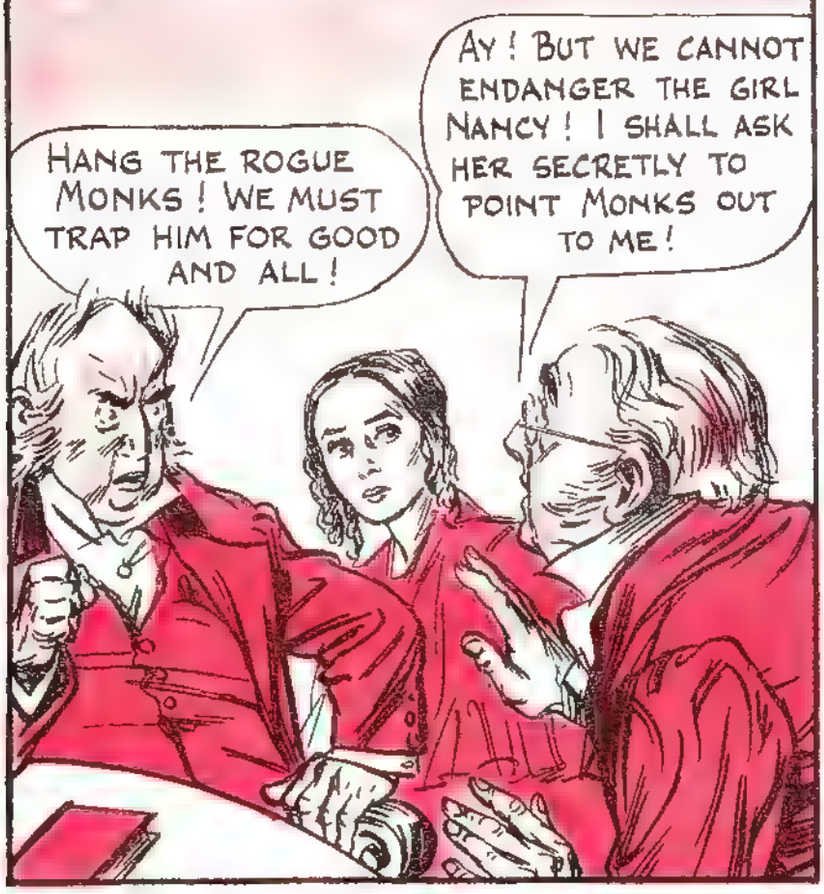

Resolved upon a plan, she waits until Bill is asleep, and then slips out.

Nancy hurried through the streets.
I SHALL BE TOO LATE!
FAMILY HOTEL
NOW, YOUNG WOMAN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
OH, PLEASE— I MUST SEE A MISS MAYLIE WHO IS STAYING HERE!
COME, NONE OF THIS! TAKE YOURSELF OFF!
YOU'LL HAVE TO THROW ME OUT! WILL NO ONE TAKE A MESSAGE FROM A POOR WRETCH LIKE ME?
TAKE IT UP FOR HER JOE. IT CAN'T DO NO HARM TO TAKE IT UP!
SAY THAT IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!
IT'S A HARD MATTER TO GET TO SEE YOU, LADY!
I'M VERY SORRY IF ANYONE HAS BEEN HARSH TO YOU!

IF YOU ARE IN TROUBLE, I SHALL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO HELP YOU!
OH, LADY! I AM THE WRETCH THAT TOOK OLIVER BACK TO FAGIN. AND NOW WORSE IS LIKE TO HAPPEN!
Nancy tells Rose of the meeting between Fagin and Monks.
THE IDEA IS TO MAKE OLIVER A THIEF SO THAT HE CAN BE SENT TO THE GALLOWS!
BUT WHY?
.....AND MONKS SAYS TO FAGIN, "VILLAIN AS YOU ARE, YOU'VE NEVER LAID SUCH SNARES AS I'LL LAY FOR MY YOUNG BROTHER, OLIVER...."
HIS BROTHER?
YES - HE SAID! THE ONLY PROOFS OF THE BOYS IDENTITY LIES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER - AND THE OLD HAG THAT HAD THEM FROM HIS MOTHER IS DEAD!
I MUST GO! THERE'S THEM AS WOULD KILL ME IF THEY KNEW I'D BEEN HERE!
WE SHALL NEED YOUR HELP! YOU CANNOT GO BACK TO THOSE VILLAINS!
I MUST! IF I LIVE, I'LL BE ON LONDON BRIDGE EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT!
The next day, Rose is still wondering what to do, when Oliver bursts in.
I'VE SEEN MR. BROWNLOW!

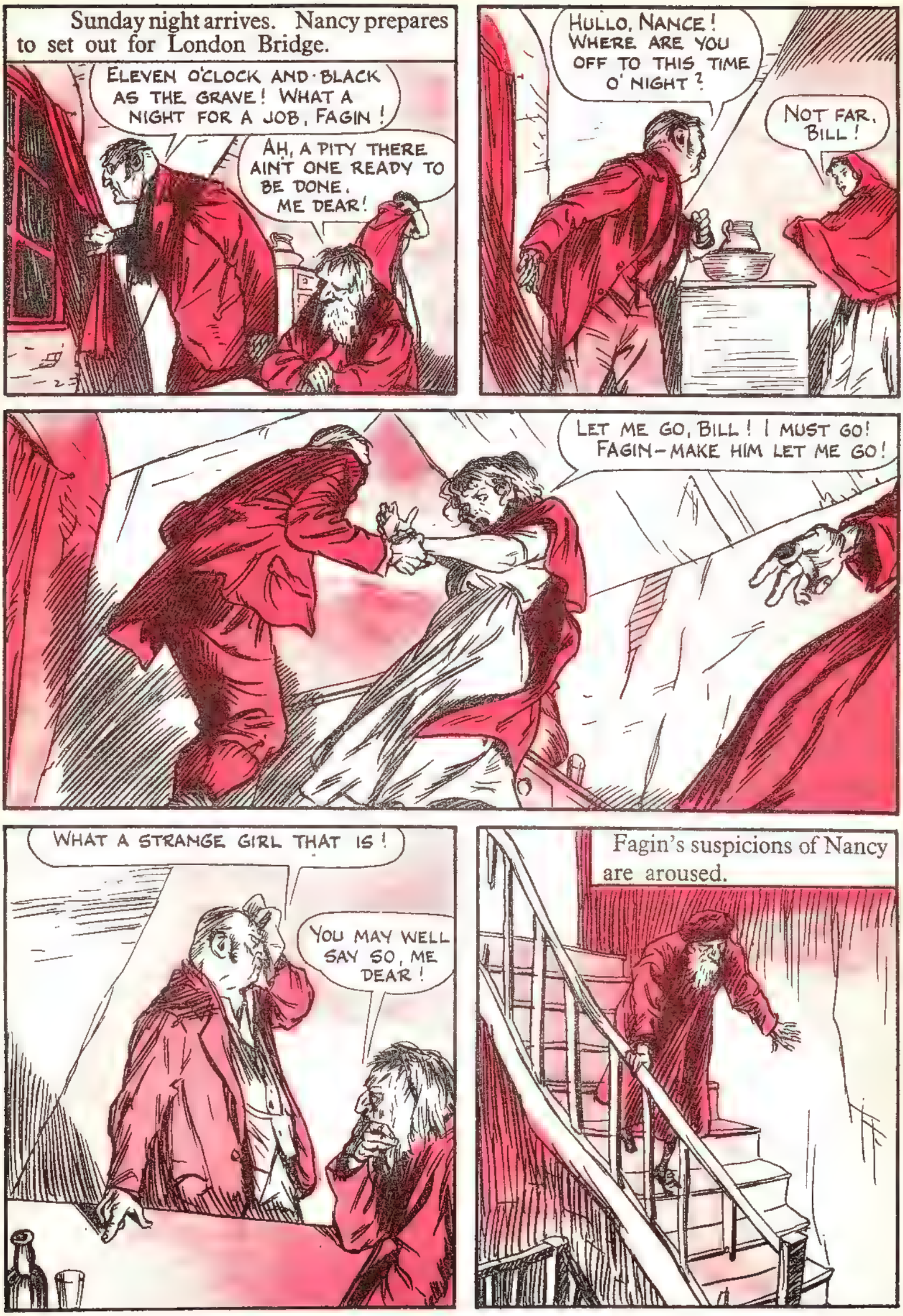
WE WILL GO AT ONCE, DEAR!
OH, PLEASE MAY WE GO? HERE'S THE ADDRESS!
Oliver's joyful reunion with Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin.

Mr. Brownlow meets Doctor Losberne, and a plan is made to entrap Monks.


HANG THE ROGUE MONKS! WE MUST TRAP HIM FOR GOOD AND ALL!
AY! BUT WE CANNOT ENDANGER THE GIRL NANCY! I SHALL ASK HER SECRETLY TO POINT MONKS OUT TO ME!

And here two old 'friends' re-enter our story. Noah Claypole and Charlotte—now married—have robbed their master, the Undertaker, and fled to London.

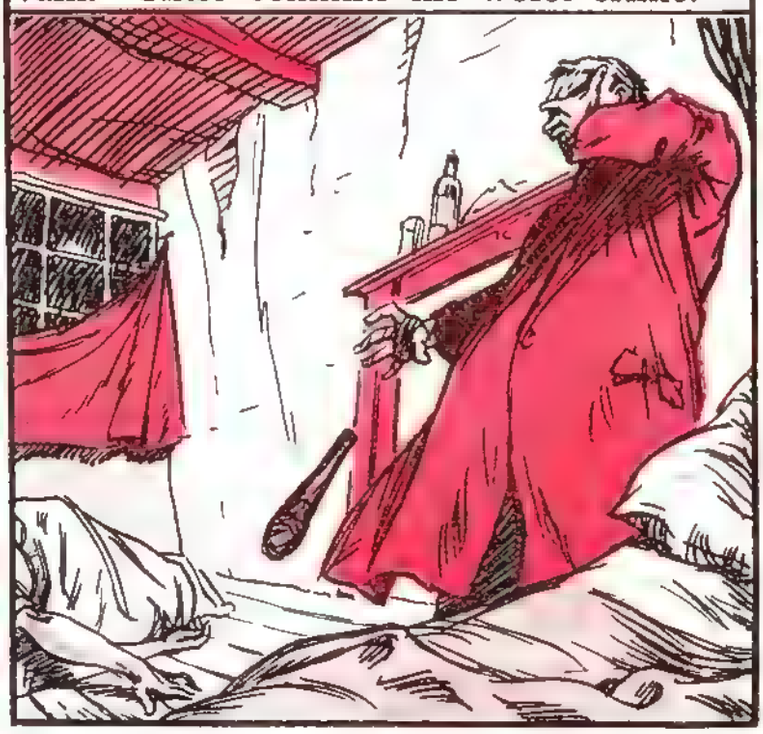
Noah is overheard by Fagin, who sees that here are two promising recruits for his gang.


Sunday night arrives. Nancy prepares to set out for London Bridge.
ELEVEN O'CLOCK AND BLACK AS THE GRAVE! WHAT A NIGHT FOR A JOB, FAGIN!
AH, A PITY THERE AINT ONE READY TO BE DONE, ME DEAR!
HULLO, NANCE! WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO THIS TIME O' NIGHT?
NOT FAR, BILL!
LET ME GO, BILL! I MUST GO! FAGIN—MAKE HIM LET ME GO!
WHAT A STRANGE GIRL THAT IS!
YOU MAY WELL SAY SO, ME DEAR!
Fagin's suspicions of Nancy are aroused.

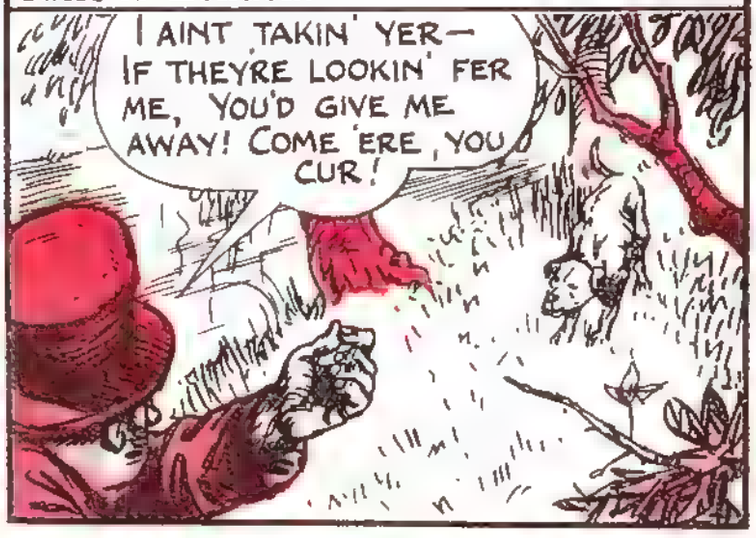
Fagin sets Noah to spy on Nancy.
FOLLOW THE GIRL— SEE WHERE SHE GOES!
Noah overhears Nancy's talk with Mr. Brownlow and Rose.
And reports to Fagin.
Soon afterwards, Sikes arrives with the loot from a burglary.
WOT NOW, FAGIN? COR! 'E'S GONE MAD!
I'VE THAT TO TELL YOU, BILL, WHAT'LL MAKE YOU MADDER THAN ME!

I'D SMASH 'IS SKULL IN AS IF A WAGGON 'AD GONE OVER IT!
SUPPOSE, BILL, ONE OF US SPLIT ON THE REST? SUPPOSE IT WAS DODGER... CHARLIE.... ME... EVEN?
WAKE UP, NOAH! TELL ME THAT AGAIN. JUST ONCE AGAIN FOR BILL TO HEAR!
AND SHE TOLD THEM ALL THAT, BILL, OF 'ER OWN CHOICE!
DON'T BE TOO VIOLENT, BILL.... NOT TOO VIOLENT FOR SAFETY.... BE CRAFTY, BILL....
GET UP. GET UP, I SAY!
WHY.... BILL.... YOU'RE... BACK EARLY!
WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, BILL?... WHAT HAVE I DONE....?

Nancy's prayers for mercy are in vain. Sikes commits his worst crime.



After wandering far into the country, tormented by fear, Sikes decides to creep back to London.



He fears that his well-known dog will betray him, and tries in vain to drown it.

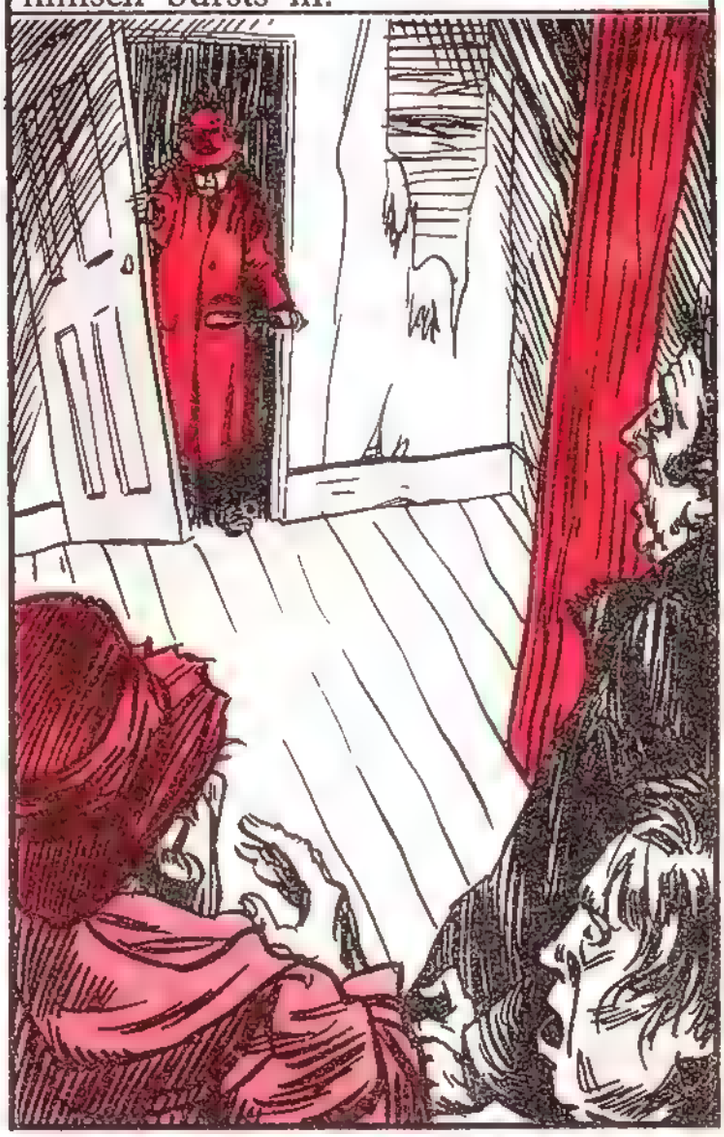
In London, one dark night, Monks is surrounded by grim figures . . .
COME QUIETLY, MR. MONKS!
YOU! HOW DARE YOU HAVE ME BROUGHT HERE?
SO YOU ARE THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, MR. MONKS!
THIS IS PRETTY TREATMENT FROM MY FATHER'S FRIEND!
IT IS BECAUSE I WAS YOUR FATHER'S FRIEND THAT I'M GIVING YOU THIS CHANCE!
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
IT'S A LIE!
YOU HAVE A BROTHER....?
DENIAL IS USELESS.....YOU KNOW YOUR PARENTS SEPARATED....YOUR FATHER LOVED ANOTHER....DIED SUDDENLY, AND LEFT HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE TO HER AND THE CHILD BORN AFTER HIS DEATH. SOMEHOW YOU DESTROYED HIS WILL, AND OLIVERS MOTHER WAS LEFT PENNILESS TO BEAR HER SON IN A WORKHOUSE!
WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH ME! YOU'VE NO PROOF!
I HAVE PROOF THAT YOU DESTROYED THE PROOF! THERE IS A CERTAIN EX-BEADLE...THERE IS THE MAN, FAGIN. NEED I SAY MORE....?

NOW SIR, WILL YOU SIGN A CONFESSION AND OBEY THE TERMS OF YOUR FATHER'S WILL IN SO FAR AS THEY AFFECT OLIVER... OR SHALL I EXPOSE YOU AS THE VILLAIN YOU ARE.....?
..... AND REFLECT, SIR, THAT THE GIRL WHO WAS BRUTALLY MURDERED DIED IN ATTEMPTING TO FOIL YOUR EVIL PLAN!
NO-NO! I SWEAR I HAD NO HAND IN THAT!
THEY'LL CATCH SIKES TONIGHT! THE POLICE ARE TRAILING HIS POOR, WRETCHED DOG, WHO HAUNTS THE VILLAIN'S STEPS!
THEY'LL CATCH FAGIN TOO!
MONKS, HAVE YOU MADE UP YOUR MIND?
YES! YES! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT- ONLY KEEP ME OUT OF THIS!
NOW, DOCTOR, IF YOU WILL MAKE CERTAIN THAT THIS ROGUE, MONKS MAKES FINAL CONFESSION, I WILL BE OFF TO SEE THE CAPTURE OF SIKES! THE BRUTE MUST BE CORNERED BY NOW!

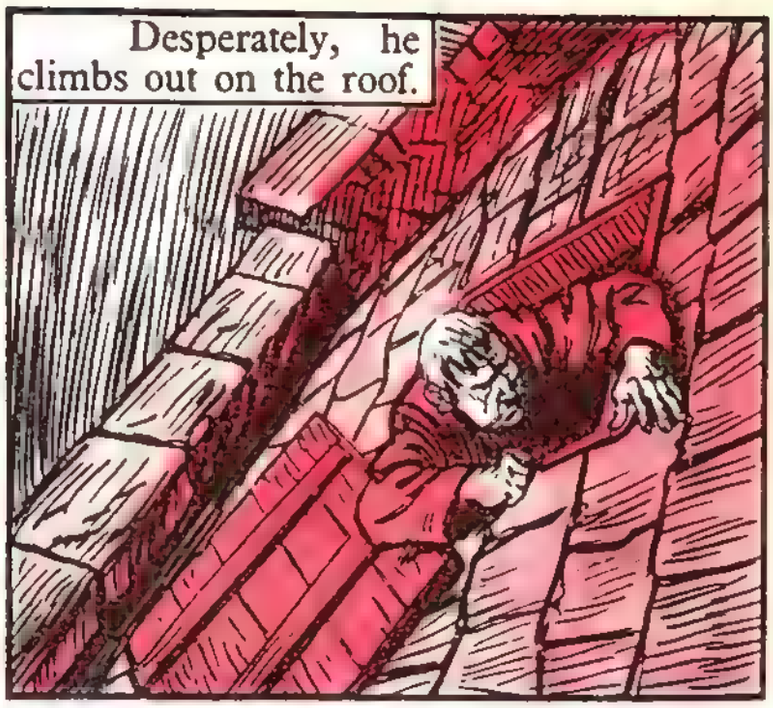
Fagin is arrested as an accomplice to the murder of Nancy.

In a new lair, the rest of Fagin's gang are startled by the arrival of Sikes' dog.

To their horror, the murderer himself bursts in.



I'VE JUST HEARD FAGINS BEEN TOOK! IS IT TRUE? WHY DONT ANY OF YOU SPEAK?
KEEP OFF, YOU MONSTER! HELP.... MURDER.... HELP....
WHY, CHARLIE, DON'T YE KNOW ME?
HELP.... MURDER.... HE'S HERE! BILL SIKES IS HERE!
Bill Sikes is cornered by a vengeful mob.
DO YOUR WORST! I'LL CHEAT YOU YET!
FIFTY POUNDS TO THE MAN WHO TAKES HIM ALIVE!

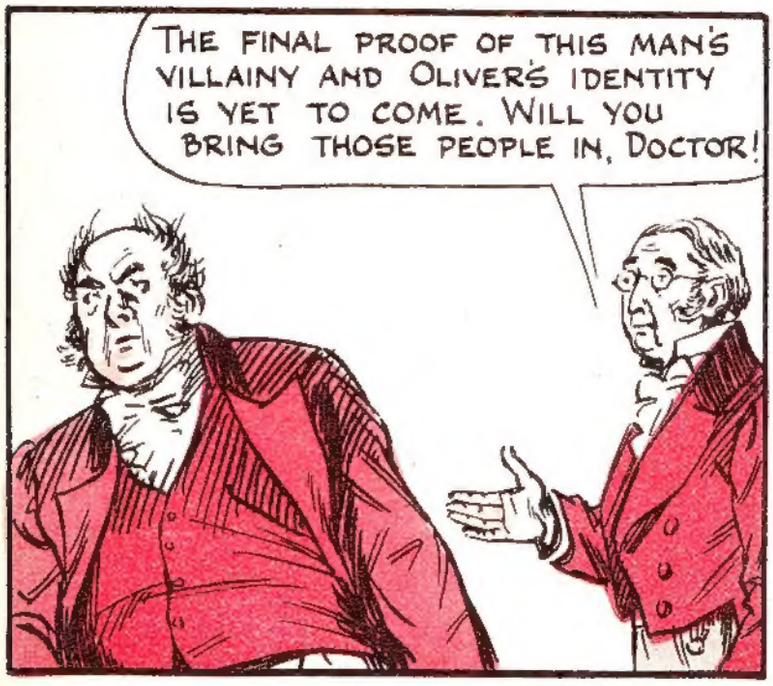


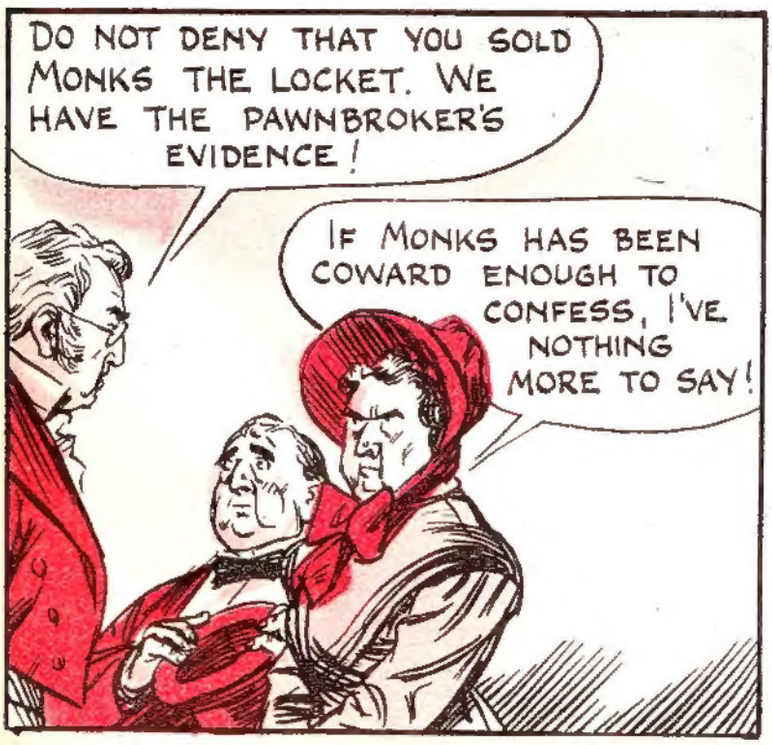
Having fastened a rope to the chimney-stack, Sikes is about to lower himself to the ground when, in his frenzy, he sees the ghost of Nancy.

With a terrible scream, the ruffian loses his balance. The rope loops round his neck, and the villainous career of Bill Sikes is ended.

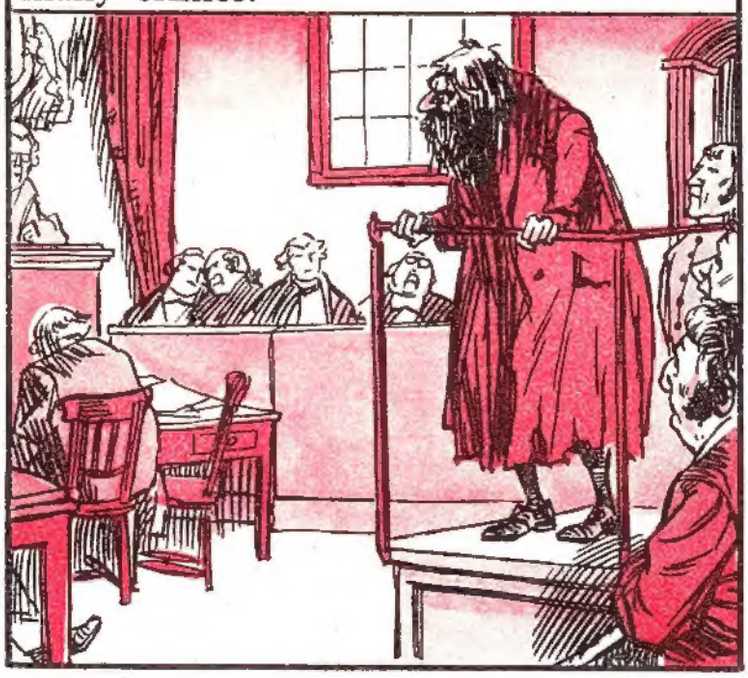
Three days later, Oliver, in a fast coach, is travelling back to his native town . . .

Where a strange meeting is held in the principal hotel.



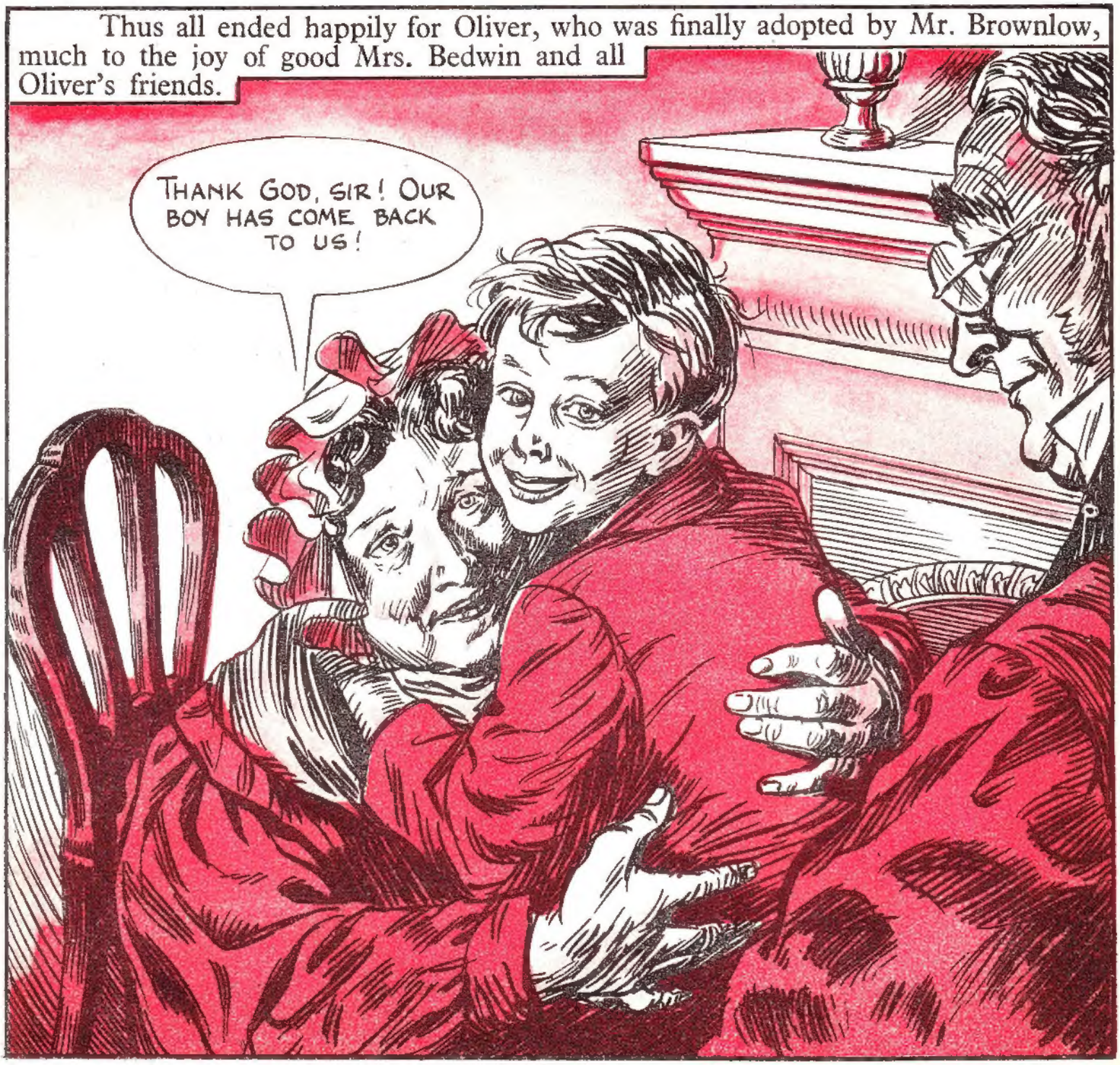

DO NOT DENY THAT YOU SOLD MONKS THE LOCKET. WE HAVE THE PAWNBROKER'S EVIDENCE!
IF MONKS HAS BEEN COWARD ENOUGH TO CONFESS, I'VE NOTHING MORE TO SAY!

Fagin is sentenced to death for his many crimes.



And Oliver, with Mr. Brownlow, pays one last visit to the old rogue, to recover important papers left by Monks. The latter went abroad for ever.

Thus all ended happily for Oliver, who was finally adopted by Mr. Brownlow, much to the joy of good Mrs. Bedwin and all Oliver's friends.



CLASSICS *in* PICTURES

THE WORLD'S GREATEST STORIES ILLUSTRATED

CHARLES DICKENS

OLIVER TWIST

CHARLES DICKENS (1812–1870), son of a poorly-paid naval clerk who was once imprisoned for debt, won his eternal fame as a great social, dramatic and humorous novelist by an unsurpassed ability to create characters that will never die. Dickens wrote about people for people, and his exciting, amazingly vivid books exercised the most powerful influence against social ills even in his own lifetime.

Among the greatest of his novels is *OLIVER TWIST*, the moving story of a young waif in a Victorian workhouse and city slums. It is also the story of BILL SIKES, the ARTFUL DODGER—and the immortal FAGIN.

A COMPANION TITLE TO THE ABOVE IS

No. 2 **IVANHOE**

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

Other Titles Forthcoming in this Series

MACBETH
by SHAKESPEARE

TREASURE ISLAND
by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WESTWARD HO!
by CHARLES KINGSLEY

A TALE OF TWO CITIES
by CHARLES DICKENS

A52/2149 *Copyright.*
PRINTED FOR AND PUBLISHED BY AMEX CO. LTD., LONDON AND LETCHWORTH.
PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN./112.

SCANNED BY ZEG

SEEK - LOCATE - PRESERVE